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DEATH IF HE TOUCHED THE KING'S TEETH! A COOK CEREMONIALLY FEEDING A KING OF BUNYORO WITH MEAT ON A TWO-PRONGED FORK.

The remarkable native customs formerly observed in Bunyoro, Uganda, were described in our issues of March 5, 12 and 19, by the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, and fully illustrated. Describing how the King took a ceremonial meal of beef, he writes: "A cook, who was purified, and had his face, chest, and arms whitened, came at the sound of the royal drums with the food. . . . A boy carried a pot containing the meat. . . . The meat was cooked and cut into small pieces ready for eating. When the cook arrived, he

entered the throne-room and knelt before the king, while the boy placed the pot before him and retired. The cook held a two-pronged fork, which he dipped into the pot, brought up a piece of meat and put it into the king's mouth. Four times he did this, and, should he by accident touch the king's teeth with the metal, he was put to death on the spot. During this meal the people in the enclosure knelt silent, and covered their faces until the king had finished, when they might rise and return to their own affairs."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



ONCE more young April has turned the florists' windows into the only spring poem that is safe from the sneer of a cynical modern convention. While the spring poet is shown downstairs in the market-houses of literature, the flower-seller is free to make his booth an idyll of the season, a song without words that challenges only criticism in its truer sense, the discovery of beauty. There, if you will have words, you can practise Divination by a Daffodil with Herrick, and with him, too, recall How Lilies Came White, or, leaving the mere prettiness of conceits, hear anew the loftier music of Perdita's rhapsody on the flowers that frightened Proserpine lets fall from Dis's wagon. The spring-time of English song seized its opportunity so thoroughly in this regard, and with such perfection, that intolerance of later effort may be justified; but prejudice may go too far, to the unjust repression of courageous genius.

A word on behalf of the poor spring poet is, in fact, somewhat overdue, were it only for his sublime courage. He knows that to-day he plays a losing match, but no ridicule can stay his pen. For that he deserves some consideration, and it is hard that he should be dismissed unread and with bitter words, or worse, on the mere announcement of his theme, surely the most proper that enthusiastic bard can choose, and not necessarily exhausted because others have done virtuously of old time. As well say that the force of spring itself is outworn. But the ideal of the season, in our treacherous climate, carries a heavy handicap that accounts for much of the poet's discredit. If Spring would only live up to her reputation, her latter-day singers might enjoy an easier time, and their shrift be less short at the hands of their ghostly confessors.

The beginnings of the trouble cannot be determined precisely, but an unlucky word of James Thomson's helped to make it articulate. It is not recorded that J. T.'s own generation cavilled unduly, but in the fulness of time there arose one Thomas Hood, who saw and exposed the fatal flaw in the first line of "The Seasons." It is strange that Hood, that humane spirit, himself not the most fortunate in the rewards of his art, should, for the sake of a jest, have winged a shaft very venomous to other struggling singers in its after-effects, when he rewrote, with damning italics:

"Spring, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,"
Oh, Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
That thou poor human nature thus could'st hum—
There's no such season!

By the time he finished his burlesque, Hood had left the vernal quarter of the year not a rag of reputation. As for the bard who dared to attribute any charms to the season, he was laughed out of countenance, and out of countenance he has remained ever since. It is difficult enough to be a poet of any kind, but to appear as a spring poet is to champion a lost cause to the tune of more kicks than halfpence. So the cause be good, however, the championship is the more honourable: let our poet of spring, then, be allowed at least to open his bulging wallet and show whether he has caught some fresh echo of the awakening year.

No matter if he sing only of an ideal too seldom realised in these latitudes: his work will be corrective to an age somewhat debauched with "actuality." If he prove a mere imitator or plagiarist, anoint him with oil, crown him with fillets of wool, and conduct him to the next city, but let that be your harshest usage, for the poor rascal has felt some kindling of divine fire within him, though he may have failed to make it communicable.

Perhaps he spent his remainder sixpence, in days when sixpence does not carry a man very far, on conveyance to Kew, there to see the resurrection of the garden flowers, or if blessed with a shilling or two, he may have pushed as far afield as the Surrey lanes, or the woods where Herts and Bucks rub neighbour Chiltern shoulders, to

professed votaries of Martyred Thomas, the season still prompts to new quests after excellence. It is the hour when social reformers start schemes of spiritual spring-cleaning, and this year, just when the house-painters are getting busy in the West End, and the Hanging Committee is sitting down to its fearful labours on other painters' work at Burlington House, we are urged to consider the claims of Art in Common Life, and the beautifying of everything from cathedrals to sand-bins.

This pilgrimage towards the Periclean ideal that made Athens architecturally "a means of education for all Greece," compels sympathetic support. It has been mooted before, without any overwhelming result, but that need not discount a fresh effort, or discourage the promoters.

"It's dogged as does it," and the new attempt may be symptomatic of a real public movement. One hopes it is. The only consideration that might cause doubt is a fear that the inspiration comes from an elect body of experts, representing the artistic minority. As a nation we are not artistic, and the great body of the British people is not easily moved by projects based on the love of pure beauty. It does not see the necessity. The Renaissance began with a nation essentially artistic: it touched England late and soon withered, for it was, as far as this country was concerned, rotten at the root, and died of theological discussions.

The impulse towards beauty for its own sake was for Ancient Greece and Quattrocento Italy a perfectly natural thing, that became general because of national instinct. It was not initiated and directed by Committees of Taste, still less by any Ministry of Aesthetics. The decorative policy of Pericles was simply the instinctive act of the most representative Greek of his day. He spoke to a people that understood and sympathised; upon the Athenians the views of a remote and specially enlightened caste. Granted that he stood in the van of intellect, he taught, nevertheless, a doctrine that did not bewilder his fellow-citizens in its mere statement. There we are at a disadvantage, and while willing to be optimists, cannot evade scepticism as to the triumph of Art in Common Life.

There can be little hope in any Committee of Taste; for what would be the Taste of that Committee? It would be convened to determine the most elusive of all questions, a question upon which no two men are in agreement. Any decision of such a body would be a compromise fatal to art, and one reflecting probably the opinion of the least artistic but most aggressive members.

As for a Ministry of Aesthetics, or such-like, that would be the entry of the seven devils of the parable. Heaven help the cause of Art in Common Life or anywhere else, if Bureaucracy is to direct it! The mere proposal to work by Committee shows exactly where we stand at present in this matter. Yes, the Spring comes slowly up this way.

J. D. S.



THE NEW LEADER OF THE UNIONIST PARTY IN THE COMMONS: THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., AND HIS WIFE.

Our photograph of Mr. Austen Chamberlain was taken outside the Carlton Club just after he had been unanimously elected, at a Unionist meeting held there on March 21, to succeed Mr. Bonar Law as Leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain married, in 1906, Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, daughter of the late Col. Henry Laurence Dundas. They have two sons and one daughter.—[Photographs by Photopress and Hugh Cecil.]

feast his eyes on primrose and hyacinth, and the delicate green mist of beeches breaking into leaf. Or, city-bound by penury, he may have had to content himself with the florists' window, or the new-dressed morning beauty of Covent Garden bouquets.

Alike in country or town, the result would be the same. The spirit of essential spring-tide laid hold of him, and he knew that her traducers merely clutched at local accidents of weather to vamp up a case. He had sight of the inwardness of spring's joyful mystery, and he knew there was but one way, and that vocal. Perhaps he came off ill, he was no Trumpeter of Seckingen, to convey quintessential spring in a single couplet, but, greatly daring, he celebrated his mistress boldly, knowing that in the very act he courted rebuff. For that chivalry alone he is to be let down lightly, although his effort must remain alms for oblivion.

The universal stirring of the sap has other counterparts in the mind and heart of man than the perilous impulse to song. Once upon a time, April set the pious pilgrim afoot, and although, to-day, the road to Canterbury holds but few

PROMINENT PEOPLE; AN AMBUSHED TRAIN; A BOMB IN A THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, AND VANDYK.



GIRTON'S NEW MISTRESS: MISS BERTHA PHILLPOTTS, O.B.E., LITT.D.



THE CREATOR OF "RAFFLES" DEAD: THE LATE MR. E. W. HORNUNG.



A WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIST DEAD: THE LATE MR. C. HADDON CHAMBERS.



AN X-RAY MARTYR: THE LATE DR. IRONSIDE BRUCE, THE RADIOLOGIST.



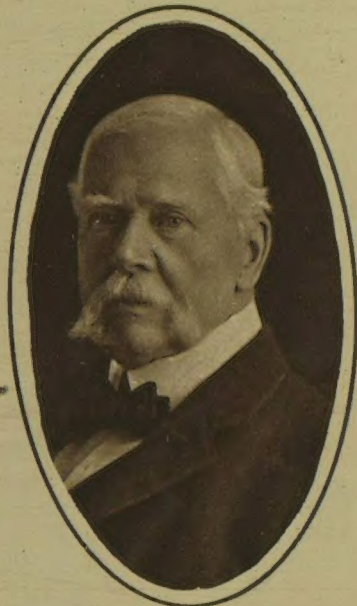
A FAMOUS ACTRESS HONOURED: DAME GENEVIEVE WARD, WHO IS EIGHTY-THREE.



AUTHOR OF MUCH-DISCUSSED WAR REMINISCENCES: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



WITH WINDOWS BROKEN BY BULLETS: THE TRAIN AMBUSHED AT HEADFORD, CO. KERRY, AFTER THE FIGHT IN WHICH NINE OF THE MILITARY AND ONE CIVILIAN WERE KILLED.



A FAMOUS PAINTER DEAD: THE LATE MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.



A TERRIBLE BOMB OUTRAGE IN MILAN: THE WRECKED ORCHESTRA OF THE DIANA THEATRE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



AFTER THE BOMB EXPLOSION WHICH DESTROYED THE FRONT ROW OF THE STALLS AND KILLED MANY PEOPLE: THE DIANA THEATRE AT MILAN.

Miss Bertha S. Phillpotts, Principal of Westfield College, has been appointed to succeed Miss K. Jex-Blake as Mistress of Girton College.—Mr. E. W. Hornung, the well-known novelist, died on March 22, at St. Jean de Luz.—Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the dramatist, died suddenly at the Bath Club on March 28.—Dr. Ironside, the eminent physician and radiologist to Charing Cross Hospital, died from the effects of exposure to X-rays in the course of his duties.—Miss Genevieve Ward, the veteran actress, who recently kept her eighty-third birthday, has been made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.—Sir William Orpen, the painter, records his experiences as an official war-artist

in his new book, "An Onlooker in France, 1917-1919."—A train conveying twenty-nine men of the 1st Royal Fusiliers was ambushed on March 21 at Headford Station, Co. Kerry. Lieut. C. E. Adams, five soldiers, and a civilian passenger were killed, and three other soldiers wounded died later. On the arrival of a second train with reinforcements, the ambushers were dispersed.—Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., the famous painter of sentimental love scenes, died on March 24, aged eighty.—Many people were killed and injured by the explosion of a bomb in the Diana Theatre at Milan on March 23 during a performance of Lehar's new opera, "La Mazurka." The crime was ascribed to Anarchists.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

A FEMINIST to the core, and one who, long before these days of approaching equal rights, has never wavered in the belief that when woman's brain is fine it is also much more finely attuned than man's, I rejoice at every fresh manifestation of her progress. Latterly she has become a power to be reckoned with in the World of the Theatre. In France, in Holland, in Germany, the woman playwright flourishes; in England her ascent has made great strides since pre-war days, and the recent production of "A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane, at the St. Martin's, goes to prove that the great problems of life are well within the grasp of the woman dramatist.

Here is a play of stimulation, of polemic force, of penetrating knowledge, of rare analysis of character. Austere criticism might say to the gifted author, when she allowed the returned lunatic to spread desolation in the happy home of the wife who divorced him by virtue of the new law and was about to enter a happy second bond: "You are evolving your story on an illogical basis. You know very well that the man who came back, a fugitive from the asylum, remained hopelessly insane, and that his old doctor would have at once ordered his re-internment as a person incurable and dangerous." But what of that? Clemence Dane set out not merely to illustrate the efficacy of the divorce law now before Parliament; her object was greater: she wanted to place before us two distinct types of woman. One, the mother, weak and yielding, with one foot in the Victorian era of thought, the other vacillating on the side of modernity; the other woman, the daughter, strong, independent, outspoken to the degree of hardness, yet chastened by a classic spirit of self-immolation. For, to save her mother from unhappiness, to allow her remarriage, she sacrificed her own fiancé and would henceforth devote her life to the imbecile, her father, whose blood flowed in her veins, whose taint hovered over her as something ominous to her fate. The idea, painful in its nature, is as portentous as Greek tragedy. The character of the girl is so splendid, so great, that we came away in elevation instead of sorrow. We feel that the war has bred other stuff than things evil, that in widening the horizon of youth and womanhood it has in some way resuscitated altruism and unselfishness as potent as in the annals of the classics. No doubt, on close inspection, there remain issues debatable and open to criticism. But all details pall before the magnitude of the theme, the individuality of the characters, the terseness—and often the beauty—of their parlance, the human chord that vibrates through every scene and continues to echo long after we have left the playhouse. Indeed, the firstling of Clemence Dane—already notable by books of thought and power—is something more than a passing event. As a drama of conflict and intellect, it is of moment. It will open eyes, and brains, and new paths towards better solutions of the marriage question than are vouchsafed by the law of to-day.

The acting is a string of cameos. First and foremost the fine, lifelike, poignant portrayal of the lunatic by Mr. Malcolm Keen—a leap into fame after many years' toil in the provinces. Next,

Miss Braithwaite, exquisitely tender and lovable, rising to unwonted emotion. Anon, Miss Meggie Albanesi, the most promising actress of the younger generation, deeply interesting in her study of the modern girl with a heart and a will. Then Miss Agnes Thomas's vivid incarnation of puritanism and yesteryear mentality. Lastly, Mr. Aubrey Smith, perfect as a gentleman and a gentle man. At the end, ovation ringing true.

that love of one's neighbour is the universal religion and the noblest, hardest task of men. These clergymen's very artlessness heightened the impression of the two actresses. Miss May Haysack's performance as Good Deeds stood out in diction and feeling. The message of the play went straight to the hearts of the large audiences.

Miss Edna Best is a promising *ingénue* who sprang into fame on the wings of youth in "Uncle Ned," and has ever since been lauded to the skies. As her experience is small, and her immaturity in craft still very marked, it may be of service to her to be candid. That Miss Best has plenty of vim and assurance—so much that it sometimes becomes obtrusive—that she has talent, humour, and a pretty heart-tone, is readily conceded. But behind her work there is more intuition than brain, and though intuition goes a long way in straight parts, it is apt to reveal flaws when the character demands composition and knowledge. Thus, in "Polly with a Past," she has to impersonate the part of a nice girl, who, to reform a snobbish family, assumes the ways and manners of a *cocotte*. As the nice girl, she is just her sweet self and pleasing; as the *cocotte* she lacks *savoir-faire*, chic, devilry. When she tells the tale of an imaginary rescue from a fire—one of those fibs of which a French actress would make a Don Quixote's romance of humour—she misses the inherent fun and *finesse* of the thing; when she is discovered by the Russian composer, who was said to have committed suicide for her sake (a capital life-like study by Mr. Claude Rains), she betrays no emotion whatsoever; when other people are busy and she has nothing to say, she is often merely a bystander apparently uninterested. All that is imperfection, lack of technique and experience. So Miss Best, if she wishes to maintain her vogue, would be well advised not to be led by adulation into the belief that she has "arrived" for good, but to study under the guidance of an experienced teacher and producer—say a Kate Rorke or a Commissarewski. Then, and not until then, will she do justice to herself, and satisfy those who know that even actors born require some making.

"The Human Touch," by Compton Ricketts, is the honest effort of a man who has a cause at heart. A strong vivisectionist, he pleads with some cogency and much painful detail for the dumb animal made to suffer for humanity. To one who is interested in such propaganda, the play is interesting, its sincerity goes home, but—and here is the vulnerable heel—the conclusion is illogical. However, as there are real human touches in the work, it may, with a little technical

overhauling, make good in the provinces; and I feel certain that when the author has learned his *métier*, he will give us a play of lasting value. Personally, I thank Miss Agnes Platt for an interesting afternoon at the Ambassadors, illuminated by two capital performances—the doctor of Mr. Franklyn Dyall, and the anti-vivisectionist heroine of Miss Enid Sass. She is an actress to be watched and promoted; she has temperament and feeling.



BEAUTIES OF A DAINTY MUSICAL COMEDY: A PICTURESQUE GROUP IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

I wish that Mr. Ben Greet, that sturdy pioneer of the Bard, whose work in the land of children is both priceless and uplifting, could be prevailed upon to propose to the League of Nations a world tour of "Everyman." His production at the Church House, Westminster, manned by clerks in holy orders and two actresses by pro-



AN OFFICER IN DISGRACE FOR LOVE OF AN OPERA SINGER: THE ARREST SCENE IN "SYBIL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

From left to right the principals are: Mr. Huntley Wright (second from left) as Poire, the impresario; Miss José Collins (descending stairs) as Sybil Renaud, the singer who masquerades as a Grand Duchess; Mr. Leonard Mackay (with arm extended) as the Governor; and Mr. Noel Leyland (second from right) as Captain Paul Petrov. The Captain is arrested for desertion.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

fession, is more effective than a thousand sermons. We sat and listened in reverential self-containment, and came away deeply imbued with the spirit of the futility of all things human except good deeds. The monk of the Middle Ages who wrote the mystery was a super-Christian; his theology, unornate with learning, but born from a simple mind and altruism, is as balm to the soul. It silences the *blasé*, it kindles the unthinking, it elevates and spurs those who believe

ABROAD AND AT SEA: POLITICAL AND NAVAL OCCASIONS.

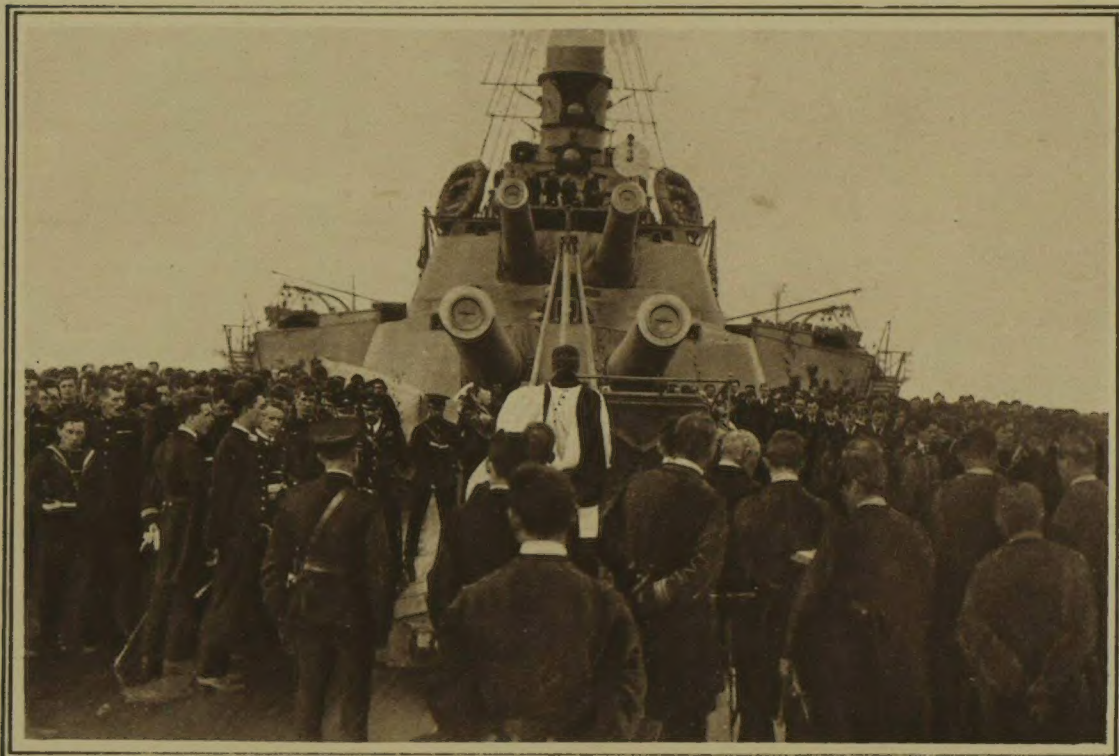
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERLACH, PRESSE PHOTO VERTRIEB (BERLIN), TOPICAL, AND JANSON (HLSINGFORS).



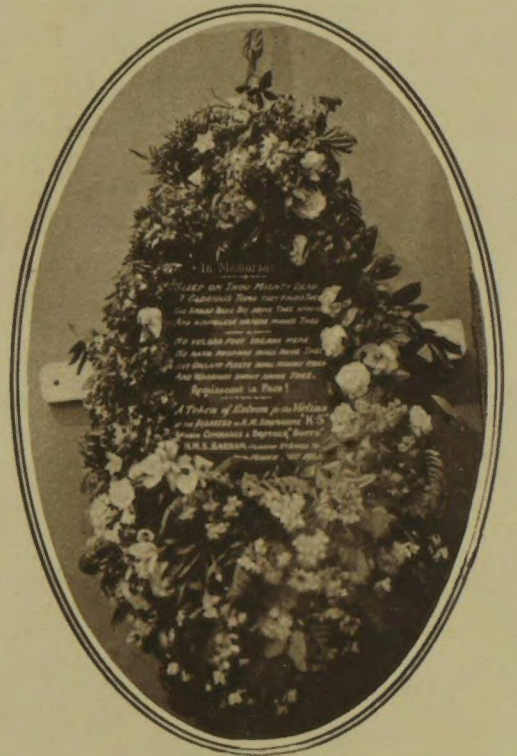
KEEPING ORDER DURING THE PLEBISCITE IN UPPER SILESIA:
A FRENCH TANK ENTERING KATTOWITZ.



A PLEBISCITE VOTER BROUGHT IN AN AMBULANCE: AN INVALID ARRIVING
AT A POLLING STATION IN UPPER SILESIA.



A REQUIEM OF THE DEEP: THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR "K5" ON BOARD H.M.S. "BARHAM,"
SHOWING BUGLERS WHO SOUNDED THE "LAST POST" ABOVE THE BIG GUNS.



"FROM COMRADES AND BROTHER 'BUFFS'": THE
WREATH CAST OVERBOARD FROM THE "BARHAM."



REFUGEES FROM KRONSTADT IN FINLAND: SAILORS AND ARTILLERYMEN
WHO ESCAPED ON HORSEBACK, AT TERIJOKI.



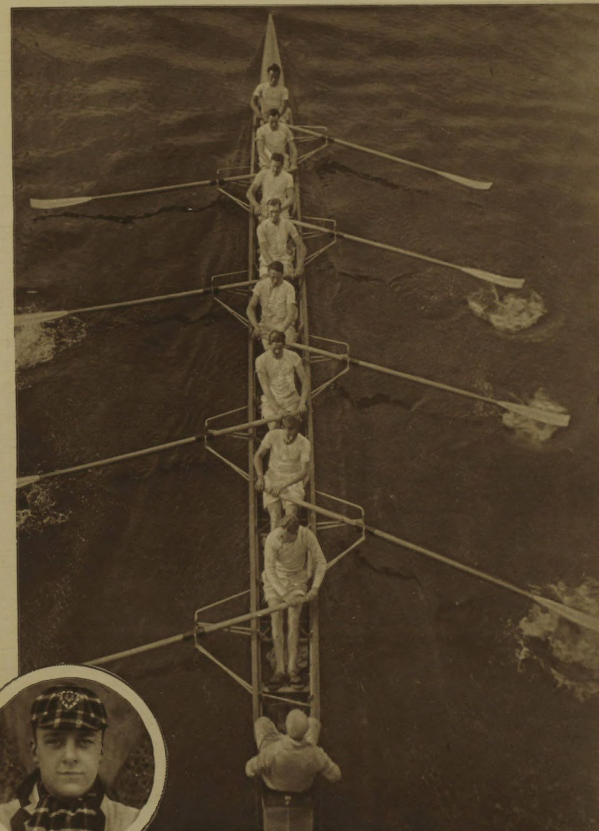
THEIR FIRST MEAL AFTER ESCAPING FROM KRONSTADT: WOUNDED AND SICK
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT TERIJOKI, IN FINLAND.

It was announced in Berlin recently that the German Government, "in the certain expectation" that Upper Silesia would be awarded as a whole to Germany in view of the result of the Plebiscite, had instructed the Minister of the Interior to proceed with the Upper Silesian Autonomy Act, passed in November last, providing for the election of a Diet.—A memorial service for the victims of Submarine "K5," lost with all hands, was held on board H.M.S. "Barham," the flag-ship of the Second Battle Squadron, on March 20. The wreath cast

into the sea, as "a token of esteem from Comrades and Brother 'Buff's,' bore the following inscription: "Sleep on, thou Mighty Dead; A glorious tomb they found thee: The broad blue sky above thee spread, And boundless waters round thee.—No vulgar foot treads here; No hand profane shall move thee: But gallant fleets shall proudly steer And warriors shout above thee. Requiescant in Pace!"—Some of the Russian anti-Bolshevist forces who escaped from Kronstadt on its capture by the "Reds" found refuge in Finland.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUES FOUGHT ONCE MORE: THE 72ND OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT AND GENERAL.

MR. D. T. RAIKES
(RADLEY AND MERTON).MR. P. C. MALLAM
(LANCING AND QUEEN'S).MR. F. B. LOTHROP
(HARVARD AND TRINITY).MR. S. EARL
(ETON AND MAGDALEN).MR. P. H. G. H. S. HARTLEY
(ETON AND L.M.B.C.).THE HON. J. W. H. FREMANTLE
(ETON AND THIRD TRINITY).MR. J. A. CAMPBELL (MELBOURNE
GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND JESUS).MR. H. O. C. BORET
(ETON AND THIRD TRINITY).MR. R. S. C. LUCAS
(ETON AND MAGDALEN).MR. M. H. ELLIS
(SHREWSBURY AND KEBLE).MR. C. O. NICKALLS
(ETON AND MAGDALEN).MR. W. E. C. JAMES
(ETON AND MAGDALEN).THE DARK BLUES: THE OXFORD BOAT SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE
DURING A FULL-COURSE TRIAL.MR. W. H. PORRITT (WYGGES-
TON AND MAGDALEN), THE
OXFORD COX.MR. L. E. STEPHENS (FELSTED
AND TRINITY HALL), THE
CAMBRIDGE COX.THE LIGHT BLUES: THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE
DURING A TRIAL ROW.MR. H. B. FLATFORD
(ST. PAUL'S AND JESUS).

For the second time since the war, and the seventy-second time since the event was instituted, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race was arranged to take place over the 4½ miles course from Putney to Mortlake, on March 30. The first inter-Varsity race was rowed at Henley in 1829, but it did not become an annual event until 1856. Before this year's contest, Oxford had won thirty-eight times and Cambridge thirty-two times, and there was one dead-heat, in 1877. Cambridge won the last race before

the war, in 1914, and the first race after it, when the event was resumed last year after being in abeyance for five years. In 1912 the race had to be rowed over again, as both boats sank on the first occasion owing to rough weather: in the second race, Oxford won. The record time of 18 minutes 29 seconds was accomplished by Oxford in 1913. This year's Oxford crew are seen on the left above, and the Cambridge crew on the right.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE question, What are curiosities, what are curios, and what are objects of art? puzzles the modern auctioneer,

with all his cleverness at nomenclature.

That "one man's meat is another man's poison" is true in collecting. Ethnological examples fit to illustrate Dr. Frazer's learned tomes "The Golden Bough" will not appeal to the lover of curios in the Horace Walpole sense—the patch-box, the clouded and bejewelled walking-cane, or the pinchbeck buckle. We cannot imagine Richard Burton the Orientalist having held regard for objects which might have won the admiration of Byron. George Borrow would have eschewed the niceties of Bulwer Lytton. It is the same to-day. Collecting is on a wide plane, and its votaries are as the poles apart. Violins and stamps, Baxter prints and coins, flint weapons and Roman glass, hold different sets of collectors enthralled. Mr. Stevens was selling on March 22 a collection of Oriental sacrificial swords, including a curious beheading-sword from Cambodia, and a Nepal sacrificial cleaver, with an eye engraved at the end, dedicated to the goddess Durga. A rare item came up in the silver-mounted staff or Gnomon stick, carved with figures, formerly used by the Tibetan hillmen for telling the time, as well as a staff. At the same sale, Chinese processional maces, one in the form of the hand of Confucius, were included. South Sea Island fish-hooks, Cingalee feather capes, Tierra del Fuego bone spearheads, New Guinea necklaces, offered themselves as relics of a world that must soon be cinematized and bowler-hatted. Before it is too late, let us snatch the savage charms of primitive man, and treasure them as indicating what once was and is rapidly passing away.

On March 23 Messrs. Puttick and Simpson offered some sound examples of plated ware. Here was a selection for the wise collector, in a quiet market where exclusive specimens did not hold sway. Similarly at the same sale the silver plate, mainly of the George III. era, had much solid work to win approval.

On March 31 Messrs. Christie sold decorative furniture and porcelain from various sources. Some years ago, when Lowestoft was more in the public eye than it is now, a pair of octagonal plates, with powdered-blue ground painted with Chinese river scenes in circular and fan-shaped panels, would have brought a higher price. But Merton Thoms, the great connoisseur of Lowestoft and Longton Hall, is dead. Some Chelsea figures in Turkish costume at the sale were modelled by Tebo, with the impressed mark "T." Tebo is a somewhat ubiquitous modeller, who was supposed to have been not only at Bow and at Chelsea, but at Worcester and Bristol, and even at Etruria under Wedgwood. But there are pieces preserved in the Wedgwood Museum marked T.B.O. and T.T.B.O., which mean respectively "top" and "tip-top" of the "biscuit oven."

Japanese colour-prints and Chinese and Korean drawings come up for sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 7th and 8th. The Japanese colour prints are the property of Mr. Arthur Morrison, and consequently come under the ægis of a great connoisseur. Perhaps one should turn first to the books on the subject in Mr. Morrison's library to understand the symbolism and decorative value of the various prints coming under the hammer. The European books offer the best tuition to the tyro; they include Bing's "Artistic Japan," Anderson's "Japanese Wood

usually on silk, in colours. The former are mainly represented in this collection. These colour prints were somewhat equivalent to our Christmas or New Year Cards, and were sent by the Japanese to friends on various occasions, such as the birth of a son, or similar events. The *littérateurs* of Japan, until stimulated by Western criticism, did not regard these trivial symbols, with their unaffected naïveté, their limited and child-like grace, and their wondrous success in colour, as anything more than of ephemeral value. But of recent years intense interest has been paid by European collectors to these sheets of design, representing colour-printing in *excelsis*. The master Hokusai is one of the best-known artists renowned for his delicate studies of women, of street scenes, and of landscapes. Harunobu is another greatly esteemed designer, here represented by a youth going hawking and a woman viewing chrysanthemums. Umtaro (Kitagawa), 1754-1806, has his "Five Festivals," each signed, and the seals of the publisher—"The Seven Herbs," or the festival of the New Year; "The Festival of Dolls," the girls' birthday festival; "The Fifth Day of the Fifth Month," the boys' birthday festival; "The Weavers' Festival," the seventh day of the seventh month; and "the Chrysanthemum Festival," the ninth day of the ninth month. A favourite is Hiroshige (Ichiyūsai), 1797-1858. His "Cherries in Leaf"; his "Twilight Moon"; "Evening Bell," a woman in a boat bowing her head in prayer; "Returning Boats"; and "Night Rain," exemplify this artist as the forerunner of certain pathetic moments caught and developed by some of the Western moderns. Another fine Hiroshige is "Moored Junks," in the light of a full moon with a cuckoo flying by.

In the same sale, Chinese and Japanese drawings, the property of Sir Edmund Trelawney Backhouse, Bt., have an old lineage, and embrace items purporting to be as old, and older than, the Norman Conquest, which, after all, is not old for Chinese art. One picture bears an inscription dated 1342. Some fine Chinese tapestries (wall hangings) are very exquisite work;

and some Korean and Chinese silk and paper wall hangings, the property of Admiral James Ley, exhibit some fine portraits in costume. Other properties include further Japanese prints, among which is a fine series of Hiroshige. Certain *kakemono* exhibit that restrained natural humour, such as a group of five baboons on pine trees watching wasps, and a Chinese statesman contemplating matrimony depicted as looking down at a goose with a boy attendant beside him. Of course, a peacock on a blossoming cherry-tree, a peahen and chicks under peonies, a golden pheasant, and fishes resplendent in their scaly iridescence, all afford models which the Japanese artists have seized from nature to make their own eternally.



"GATHERING SHELL-FISH ON THE BEACH AT SUSAKI": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



"THE MYOKEN (TEMPLE), YANAGI-SHIMA": A COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE, THE FAMOUS JAPANESE PAINTER.

Engravings," De Goncourt's "Outamaro" and "Hokusai," Strange's "Japanese Illustration," Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints," and Mr. Morrison's "The Painters of Japan," together with many sale and exhibition catalogues. Armed with these, the collector should have his footsteps guided into the right path. But as these are on the second day of the sale, there is no just impediment why the cautious student should not pay a previous visit to the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert Museum library.

The *surimono*, or colour-prints, of Japan, originating in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, are to be distinguished from the *kakemono*, or hanging pictures. the latter



"TWILIGHT MOON, RYOGOKU": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT, BY HIROSHIGE.

This, and the other prints here reproduced, will be offered at Sotheby's on April 7.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



"NIGHT-RAIN, KOIZUMI": A JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINT, BY HIROSHIGE.

In the foreground of the picture, on the right, are seen two peasants meeting on the road.

WHERE "OXFORD" TRIES TO UPSET "CAMBRIDGE": A HINDU BOAT-RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MISS LILLIAN BLACKIE.



PADDLING OUT FROM THE OPPOSITE BANKS: THE START OF THE MANIPUR BOAT-RACE DURING THE PUJA FESTIVAL.



GRAPPLING IN MID-STREAM AND TRYING TO UPSET EACH OTHER: THE RIVAL BOATS LOCKED TOGETHER DURING THE RACE.



A BOAT-RACE WHICH INCLUDES A MINIATURE "NAVAL BATTLE": A THRILLING STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE RIVAL CRAFT TRYING TO OVERTURN EACH OTHER, ENCOURAGED BY A HUGE AND EXCITED CROWD ON THE BANKS.



IN ELABORATE COSTUME WHICH IS DISCARDED FOR THE ACTUAL RACE: MEMBERS OF THE CREWS WEARING CEREMONIAL ATTIRE.



STRIPPED AS THEY WERE FOR THE RACE: MEN OF THE WINNING CREW, IN ORNATE LOIN-CLOTHS, AFTER THEIR VICTORY.

An interesting counterpart of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race is rowed, under very different conditions, every year in Manipur, a Native State lying between Assam and Burmah, governed by its own Rajah under British protection. "The boat-race," writes Miss Lillian Blackie, "takes place in the Holy Puja week, the great Hindu religious festival of the year. This is a time of great religious frenzy and fervour, modified somewhat by the sporting element, of which the boat-race is the chief part. The people during this Puja do no

work, and it is a time of ceremony, display, and gorgeous scenic effects. At the race itself the Rajah holds a reception and invites other princes from the vicinity. Thousands of the natives gather on the banks, and it is a very colourful and brilliant scene. The crews themselves are wonderfully and elaborately attired, but they discard some of their decorative costume for the race itself. The Manipuris are very staunch Hindus, and adhere strictly to all the rites and customs of their religion."

THE OLD TESTAMENT FILMED: WONDERFUL SCENES FROM

BY COURTESY OF THE



"AND IT CAME TO PASS AFTER SEVEN DAYS, THAT THE WATERS OF THE FLOOD WERE UPON THE EARTH": THE DELUGE.



"AND MOSES BROUGHT FORTH THE PEOPLE, AND THE MOUNT. . . . AND MOSES WENT



"AND THEY SAID, GO TO, LET US BUILD A CITY AND A TOWER": THE BUILDING OF BABEL.

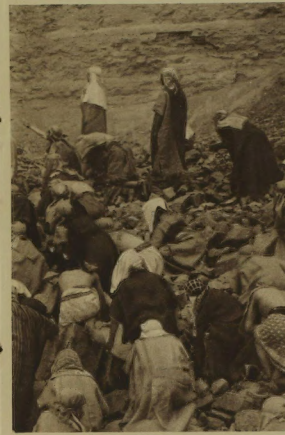


"HIS WIVES TURNED AWAY HIS HEART AFTER OTHER GODS": PAGAN IMAGES IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The Old Testament has provided a rich store of picturesque material for a wonderful new film drama, entitled "The Dawn of the World," which the Astra Film Company arranged to produce on Easter Monday at the Palace Theatre, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of that famous house, which began its career as a home for English opera. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was engaged to present the film in a prologue and an epilogue specially written by Mr. Louis N. Parker. As our photographs show, the Old Testament story has been treated at once in a spirit of reverence and on a scale of lavish profusion in the matter of setting and costume. Beginning with the Garden

A £1,500,000 PICTURE, "THE DAWN OF THE WORLD."

ASTRA FILM CO., LTD.



THEY STOOD AT THE NETHER PART OF UP": THE LAW-GIVER ON MOUNT SINAI.



"BUT HIS WIFE LOOKED BACK FROM BEHIND HIM, AND SHE BECAME A PILLAR OF SALT": LOT ESCAPING FROM SODOM.



"WHO IS SHE THAT LOOKETH FORTH AS THE MORNING, FAIR AS THE MOON?" THE SHULAMITE.



"SO SHE TURNED AND WENT TO HER OWN COUNTRY, SHE AND HER SERVANTS": THE DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

of Eden, it goes on through the episodes of Cain and Abel, the Deluge, the building of the Tower of Babel, the escape of Lot from Sodom and Gomorrah, the Captivity in Egypt, the history of Joseph, the Flight through the Desert under Moses, to the reign of Solomon, the visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the love story of the beautiful Shulamite. The film, which was made in Italy, under Signor Armando Vay, the producer of "Quo Vadis," is one of the most remarkable ever shown on the screen. It cost £1,500,000, and took five years to produce, 12,000 people taking part in it, and 250,000 ft. of film being used.

The Irish Problem Through French Eyes.

We continue here the article begun in our issue of March 26, condensed from one by M. Ludovic Naudeau, the well-known French writer, who went to Ireland on behalf of our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration," to study the Irish question on the spot. It is particularly interesting to see how the problem presents itself to a well-informed and perfectly unbiassed Frenchman.

THREE days before I left for the South, while I was in a picture palace, I heard the sounds of a quarrel proceeding behind me. Three men insisted on one of the spectators following them into the street. He resisted and called for help. Thereupon his aggressors shot him in the chest, and while the panic-stricken spectators rushed into the street, the assassins got away quietly. You will, no doubt, ask, What about the police? In order to show their complete neutrality in political conflicts, the Dublin police carry no arms—and that explains many things. On the following day, at one in the morning, when, theoretically, no one is allowed in the streets except the Forces of the Crown, six unknown men broke into McGrath's house, killed him, and got off unmolested. Two executions! And who could have committed them? Only the Sinn Fein agents. Whereupon, the British authorities, without giving notice of their intention, invested a part of Dublin. I saw regular warfare tactics. Some of the streets were barricaded with sandbags, wire netting, and machine guns, and tanks and lorries were mobilised. The houses were carefully searched one by one, and nothing was found. The head of the Republican Army, however, Michael Collins, whom the authorities hoped to catch in this trap, had been warned in time, and just as the troops were going to lay hands on him, he rode off on his bicycle with an umbrella under his arm. Strange things do happen here. A kind of enthusiasm and stubborn fervour forms a barrier of complicity which unites the whole island, and which it is impossible to discover. This Irish conflict consists really in a mere series of skirmishes, but it is tragic, for all that, and its echoes resound in various parts of the world. The history of the seven centuries is continued: a small people in their obstinacy and proud spite opposing the stupendous interests of the greatest Empire in the world. We shall have to look, meditate, and compare attentively before we can get at the truth, which, doubtless, hides beneath so many alarming symptoms.

THE ORIGINS OF THE CONFLICT.

The great political drama, the various aspects of which I wish to analyse, will not permit me to digress about the beauty of the landscape. During the innumerable conversations I have had with Irishmen of all classes in all the localities I have visited, I tried anxiously to determine how I should reply to the question which the French public is asking: Who was first to blame? Is it the English or the Irish who are responsible for this awful series of murders and reprisals which are of daily occurrence in Ireland?

In order to solve this question, it would be necessary to study seven centuries of history, during which period the inhabitants of Ireland never ceased protesting against their inclusion within the United Kingdom. We must confine ourselves to the Parliamentary debates of the last few years on the subject of Home Rule—debates in which the hesitations and contradictions of politicians ended, so I was told, by exasperating Irish public opinion, and did away with the prestige of the Nationalist Party, the leader of which, John Redmond, hoped to get freedom for his country by Parliamentary and constitutional means. The words "Sinn Fein" signify in Gaelic "ourselves," or "by ourselves," the fundamental idea of the party being that Ireland must save "herself." Therefore, it became immoral for the Irish to sit in an English Parliament and swear allegiance to the King of England.

It is strange to note that the Sinn Fein party, which was not very influential up to 1916, gained numerous adherents after the fruitless insurrec-

tion of that year. At the beginning, Ireland, as a whole, did not sympathise with the leaders of the rising; but after they had been shot she saw in them martyrs—her martyrs—and the country became sentimentally and illogically indignant at the punishment meted out to them. After April 1916, the Sinn Fein clubs began to get very numerous, and this new organisation supplanted the old Nationalist Party, whose policy of Parliamentary negotiations completely lost for them the people's confidence.

It must, however, be admitted—and this I gathered from the various explanations made me—that it is one of the consequences of the Great War which have made the Irish determined to get their national independence. The complete emancipation of the Poles, the Czechs, and the Finns, and other small nationalities, hitherto enslaved, excited the imagination of the Irish, and they say very bitterly and defiantly: "We are the one European nation which is enslaved." During the elections, in which the Sinn Fein party gained a sweeping majority, their chief argument used as propaganda was the comparison between Ireland and Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland, all of them smaller countries; and with Serbia,

death, thousands of people were arrested, and many were ill-treated during their detention. Two hundred and sixty houses were searched during the night; eleven of our national papers were suppressed; and, in order to exercise pressure on our population, the British authorities began to stop our fairs and markets.

Owing to these persecutions, in December 1919 the Irish people renounced British rule in Ireland; they nominated their own Parliament and their own Government. Then the rage of the authorities became boundless, and the outrages committed by the police increased. The suppression of the fairs and markets became general; imprisonments multiplied, and twenty-five newspapers were suppressed. Quiet meetings were attacked by armed police and soldiery seventy-six times, and 260 women and children were injured by rifle-bullets and bayonets. Finally, eight civilians were massacred.

"It was only after two years of suffering, peril, and persecution that we decided to take measures to ensure our own defence, and that is how in 1919 sixteen policemen were put to death in Ireland. We only did this in self-defence, but we are treated like criminals; the severity of the police was increased, thousands of perquisitions took place, and very frequently this was made an excuse for pillaging the houses. Towns were sacked, numerous dwellings and factories were systematically destroyed, and the perpetrators of these crimes were neither judged nor punished. Eighty-eight men and women were immolated during the first ten months of 1920, and they were innocent, and were not up against the Army or the police in armed conflict. Their murderers kept their jobs in the Forces of the Crown. As the rural elections of June 1920 marked a complete defeat for British rule, this was avenged by the authorities by a recrudescence of its attacks; seventy-two localities were sacked by the troops during the ensuing fourteen weeks."

BRITISH REPRISALS.

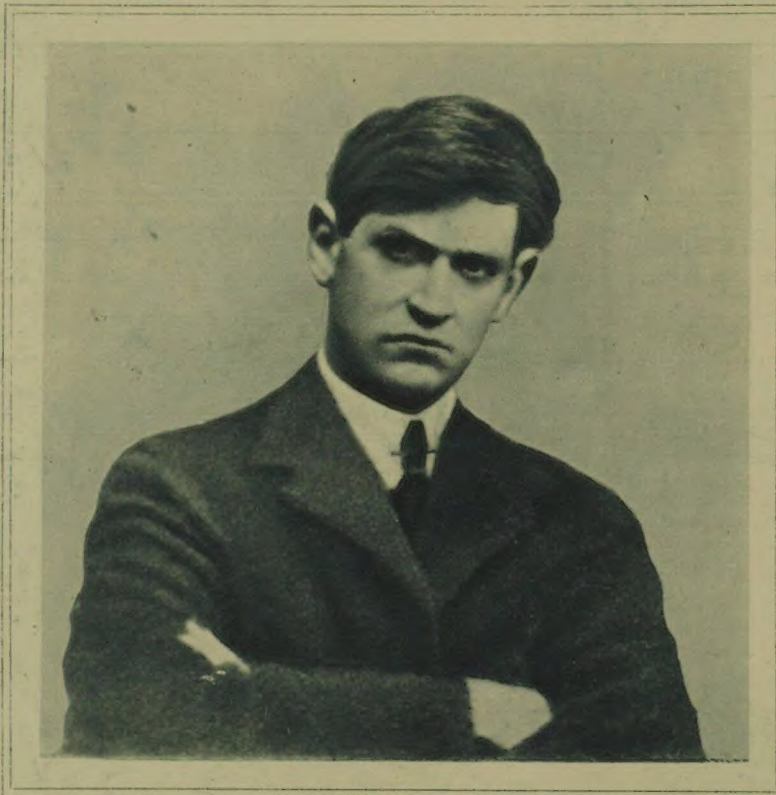
Travelling through Ireland by train, I first thought these accounts were exaggerated. For instance, in Tipperary, the name of which has been so prominent in various unpleasant episodes during the last few months, six or seven houses only had been burned. Killarney only had a few shop windows broken, and I noted the same at Tralee and Limerick. It is necessary to travel through the country by motor to realise the amount of damage committed by the representatives of law and order, and to see also the ruins of the police barracks set on fire by the Republican Army. I think it was at Balbriggan, a small town

to the north of Dublin, and Cork, the important southern city, that the destruction caused by the reprisals of the authorities bore the most sinister aspect.

During my journey I realised full well how it was that the *Manchester Guardian* was able to publish under the heading "An Irish Louvain" an account of the destruction of Balbriggan, sacked and partially destroyed on September 21, 1920. And on September 30, 1920, the *Times* itself waxed indignant, and declared that the outrages committed by the soldiery at Mallow, Co. Cork, could only fill the minds of its readers with shame! During December 1920, the British Labour Party sent to Ireland an important commission, presided over by Arthur Henderson, and included amongst its members were a legal and military adviser, the latter being Brigadier-General C. B. Thomson. The account of their findings covers 119 large pages of a closely-printed pamphlet.

Owing to questions of space, I can merely say, on my soul and on my conscience, and in my capacity of an absolutely impartial foreigner, that the results of my investigations corroborated this sad narrative. Those who will read this "Report of the Labour Commission to Ireland," published in London in 1921, will find there accounts of all kinds of acts of violence, pillage and arson.

(To be Concluded Next Week.)



THE CHIEF OF THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY, WHO ESCAPED ON A BICYCLE WHEN DUBLIN WAS INVESTED: MICHAEL COLLINS.

"The British authorities . . . invested a part of Dublin. . . . The houses were carefully searched one by one, and nothing was found. The head of the Republican Army, however, Michael Collins, whom the authorities hoped to catch in this trap, had been warned in time, and just as the troops were going to lay hands on him, he rode off on his bicycle with an umbrella under his arm."

Portugal, Greece, and Bulgaria, which Ireland almost equals in size.

Ireland was more populated than Norway, Denmark, or Switzerland; and, whereas the annual revenue of each of these States varied from three to nine million pounds, during the same period Ireland paid thirty-five million pounds into the Treasury. And whereas the yearly total of commercial enterprise realised by each of these small States was from eleven to ninety-two million pounds, the figures for Irish trade returns for the same period were one hundred and fifty-one million pounds. Sinn Fein orators thought these figures proved that Ireland was perfectly qualified to declare her independence, especially as in 1914 England had declared that she came into the war to protect Belgium and to liberate other small oppressed nations. Those on the side of the English authorities accuse the Sinn Feiners of having started systematically a campaign of terrorism and atrocities. But the Irish leaders' reply to this is—

"During the twelve months of 1917 not a single policeman was killed in Ireland, but during that same year two innocent civilians were massacred, five died in prison, more than a hundred were flogged or bayoneted, 349 men and women were arrested as political offenders, and twenty-nine leaders were deported. During the twelve months of 1918 no policemen were killed in Ireland. But during the same period five civilians were put to

NEW GIANT SCULPTURE FOR LONDON: "THE SPIRIT OF THE THAMES."

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



ADORNING THE RIVER FRONTAGE OF THE NEW COUNTY HALL BY WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: MR. ERNEST COLE AT WORK ON A HUGE SYMBOLIC GROUP.

Now that some of the scaffolding has been cleared away from the river frontage of the London County Council's new and imposing abode at the side of Westminster Bridge, it can be seen that here is a building that will greatly help to enhance the beauty of our river. It will also be noticed that it will balance St. Thomas's Hospital to the west of the bridge. The decoration of the new County Hall has been entrusted to a young British sculptor, Mr. Ernest Cole, who has already, artistically, a world-wide reputation. Previous to the war, he buried himself to work at a statue that eventually obtained him the commission for these sculptures.

When the war broke out he joined up and served in the ranks, working all his precious leaves at these groups. He is also engaged on the Kitchener Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, which was his design. Our drawing represents the sculptor on the scaffolding of the new County Hall, at work on his group representing the Spirit of the Thames, which is at the eastern end of the building facing the river. Another group, to stand over a pediment on the south side, represents the creation of Eve, symbolising London's creative energy. Mr. Cole himself is a Londoner, born at Greenwich.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

VI.—"THE MASTERY OF THE AIR."

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

AGE after age life has been slowly creeping upwards, and who shall say that its progress is going to stop? In other words, for millions of years there has been among animals a search after new kingdoms to conquer, sometimes under the spur of necessity, sometimes prompted by a spirit of adventure. The last haunt to be conquered was the air. Getting into the air meant increase of safety, the possibility of rapidly evading enemies (as when the sparrow disconcerts the cat), a power of rapid movement from scarcity to plenty, or from drought to flowing water, and, last not least, new opportunities of reaching suitable places for laying eggs, or bringing up the young.

The problem of flight has been solved four times by animals, and each time in a different way. In insects the wings are two pairs of hollow, flattened sacs, which grow out from the sides of the body. The insect's body is lightly built, and the secret of the insect's flight is the extremely rapid vibration of the wings. A watch ticks sixty times in a minute, but many an insect, such as a humble bee, vibrates its wings 200 times in a second. When the wings are large, as in dragon-flies, or big butterflies, the number of strokes in a second is small. Some of the strong fliers, like dragon-flies and hive-bees, can cover two or three miles, but the majority, such as house-flies and mosquitos, have, happily, a short range.

The power of flight in insects (Figs. 1 and 3) sometimes rises to a very high pitch. A wasp has been known to fly tail-foremost for a quarter of an hour in front of a bicycle. Dragon-flies are not only very swift, but have an astonishing power of changing their direction instantaneously. When they pass from a sunny to a shaded part they often "soar" like vultures. Bees and their relatives link their hind-wings to their fore-wings so that the two act as one. Beetles (Fig. 1) spread out their heavy fore-wings and clamp them, so that they serve as gliders; while the hind pair of wings strike the air. On the other hand, one should notice that some insects fly only once in a lifetime, when they are starting a new generation; and that some insects do not fly at all. The flea makes up for its loss of flight by its power of taking extraordinary leaps. This leads one to notice that it is quite possible that insects used their wings as parachutes in taking skimming leaps along the ground, or from branch to branch, before they used them to strike the air as organs of true flight. Just as a creature must walk before it can run, so perhaps it had to jump before it could fly (Fig. 7).

The second solution of the problem of flight was discovered by the extinct Flying Dragons, or Pterodactyls (Figs. 6 and 12b.), which flourished in Cretaceous and Jurassic times. They varied from a sparrow's size up to a spread of 18 feet; and their wing was a sheet of skin spread out on the enormously elongated outermost finger. How far they could fly we do not know, but probably they were not adepts, for the breast-bone has only a slight keel for the fixing on of the wing-muscles; and we know that in birds a prominent keel is associated with highly developed flying powers (Fig. 13). On the other hand, the Flying Dragons show, as flying

birds do, a solidifying of the middle part of the back-bone, giving the wings a firm fulcrum against which to work.

The third solution was a triumphant one: it gave birds their mastery of the air. There seems no doubt that birds sprang from an extinct stock of Dinosaur reptiles which had become bipeds, and it is highly probable that they took long, skimming leaps along the ground before they could fly. It is all uncertain, but in thinking of the bird's conquest of the air, it is reasonable to

on—simply serves to make the next stroke possible. But these are cold facts. We must think of the Swift never stopping in its triumphant flight from dawn to dusk, save for brief moments at the nest. We must think of the Arctic tern occurring sometimes within the Antarctic circle, literally girdling the globe. We must think of the Pacific golden plover flying from Hawaii for over two thousand miles to its breeding-place in Alaska.

The second kind of flight is gliding, well seen when a gull, having got up a considerable speed, meets, as it flies out from the land, a breeze from the sea, rising upwards from a cliff. The play of this up-current on the under surface of the gull's outstretched wings enables the bird to rest on its oars for a considerable time without checking its seaward flight. But the third kind of flight is more puzzling; and though many wise men have pondered over it, we do not understand it yet. It is well seen in the albatross circling around the ship, or in the vulture describing great spirals in mid-air. It never takes place unless there is some breeze; the bird may tilt its body, but it does not strike with its wings except at long intervals; the movements do not depend on up-currents in the air; the bird goes with the wind and then against the wind. Thus the albatross describes great ellipses around the ship, behaving like an intelligent kite, probably taking advantage of currents of unequal velocity at different levels in the air. Sometimes it seems to rise when sailing with the wind, and to sink a little when it turns and goes against the wind. But the way of the eagle (or, rather, vulture) in the air is still too wonderful for us, as it was for a very wise man long ago.

The fourth solution of the problem of flight was discovered by bats (Fig. 8). They vary in size from two inches to a wing-span of five feet; but the wing is much the same in all. A double fold of skin, beginning at the neck, runs along the fore side of the arm, skips the thumb, and is continued between the greatly elongated fingers (Fig. 12a). This is a true wing that strikes the air, and the flight is helped by the continuation of the fold of skin down the sides of the body to the hind legs, and thence to the tail, if there is one.

Quaint creatures these bats: able to hang themselves up by their toes, and to fold themselves up in their arms!

Four times the problem of flight has been solved, but how many times has it been tried? It is very interesting to think of the Flying Fishes (Figs. 10 and 11), the Flying Frog (Fig. 9), the Flying Lizard (Fig. 5), with its skin stretched out on very movable ribs, and the Flying Phalangers, Squirrels (Fig. 4), and

Foxes. None of these can really fly. They are clever parachutists that take adventurous leaps. And what shall we say of the Gossamer Spiders' (Fig. 2) long aerial journeys without wings? They are borne along by the breeze which lifts the long threads of silk, which flow out from their spinnerets. Such quaint inventions, along with the splendid failures of the parachutists and the triumphant successes of the true fliers, fill us with a reasonable wonder at the adventurousness of life.

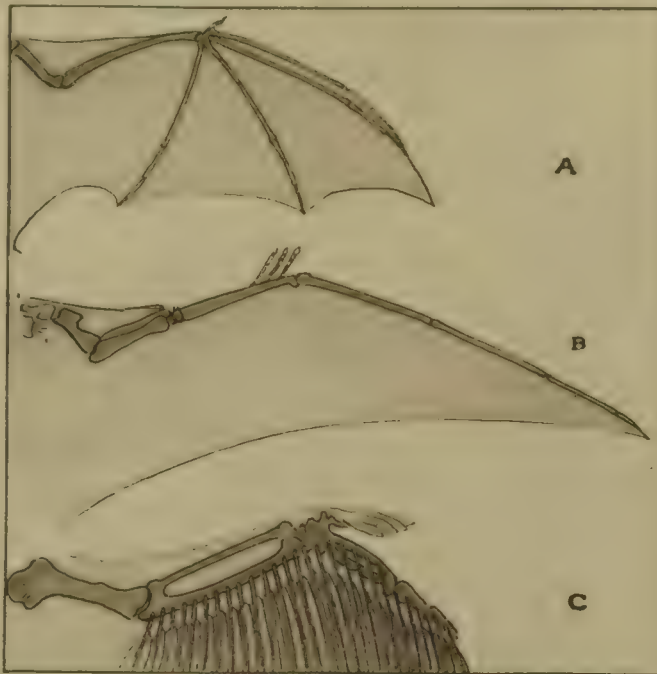


FIG. 12.—THREE OF THE FOUR ANIMAL SOLUTIONS OF THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT: A. THE BAT'S WING; B. THE PTERODACTYL'S WING; C. THE BIRD'S WING.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. A. Thomson.

remember that birds have a high-pitched life, a strong heart, very rich blood, a hot skin, a power of keeping up an almost constant body-temperature, a very good digestion, and the great advantage that the flapping of the wings, even before flight was fully attained, and still more afterwards, must help the breathing. But what made the bird's flight possible was the growth of feathers—feathers with the barbs united together to form a vane to strike the air (Fig. 12c). In the ship the air strikes the sails, in the bird the



FIG. 13.—"A PROMINENT KEEL IS ASSOCIATED WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED FLYING POWERS": A. KEEL ON BREAST-BONE OF EAGLE; B. FLAT BREAST-BONE OF OSTRICH; C. SLIGHT KEEL ON BAT'S BREAST-BONE.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Professor J. A. Thomson.

sails strike the air. How feathers began—perhaps it took a million years to perfect them—no one knows; but they have the same general nature as scales, and perhaps they may be thought of as glorified shredded-out scales.

In ordinary flight the wings start vertically above the bird's back—everyone knows how they clap together on pigeons; then they are moved forwards, downwards, backwards, and upwards again. The downward part of the stroke keeps the bird up, the backward part of the stroke makes it speed onwards, the upward part—side-

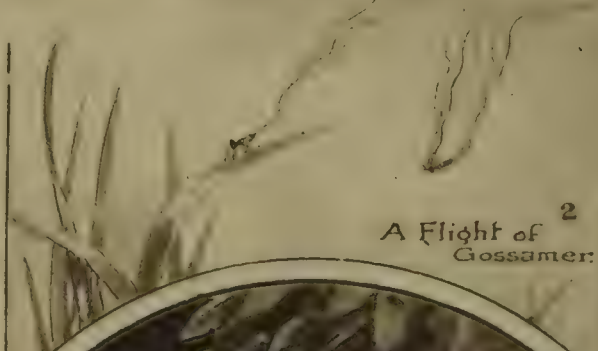
HAUNTS OF LIFE: ANIMAL FLIGHT—GLIDES; LEAPS; PARACHUTES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.

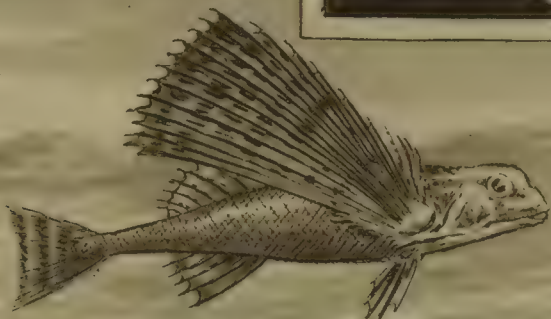
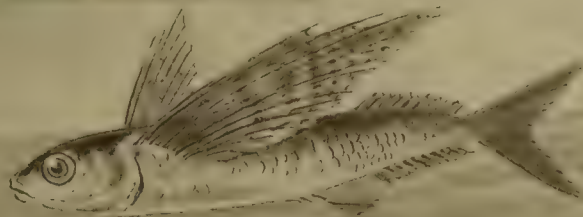


1

A Beetle with its wing-cases lifted up during flight



A Flight of Gossamer

3
An Insect in flight. The hind wings act as balancers, and do not beat the air.4
A parachuting mammal—a Flying Squirrel.5
Flying Lizards in motion and at rest6
One of the extinct Aerial Dragons or Pterodactyls.7
The Jerboa—a mammal that has become a biped just as the ancestors of the birds did.8
BATS hawking insects by night.9
A "Flying" Frog.10
Dactylopterus—a Flying fish that flutters its fore-fin

11. Exocoelus—a flying fish that simply vibrates its fore-fin.

VI.—THE MASTERY OF THE AIR: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S SIXTH LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Professor Thomson concludes, in the article opposite, the series of abridgments of his six lectures on The Haunts of Life, which proved so popular when delivered at the Royal Institution. The previous articles—"The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Depths," "The Fresh Waters," and "The Conquest of the Land"—appeared respectively in our issues of February 26, March 5, 12, 19, and 26. "The problem of flight," he tells us, has been solved four times by animals, and each time in a different way. These four solutions were achieved

by the Insects, the prehistoric Pterodactyls (or Flying Dragons), the Birds, and the Bats. All but the Birds are represented in the above drawings. "And what shall we say," the Professor asks finally, "of the Gossamer Spiders' long aerial journeys without wings? They are borne along by the breeze, which lifts the long threads of silk which flow out from their spinnerets. Such quaint inventions, along with the splendid failures of the parachutists and the triumphant successes of the true fliers, fill us with a reasonable wonder at the adventurousness of life."

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRITTANY IN LONDON: COSTUME SONGS AND DANCES AT THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



DRESSED IN BRETON COSTUME: CHILDREN DANCING AND SINGING OLD SONGS OF BRITTANY. TO ILLUSTRATE M. ÉMILE AUDRA'S LECTURE, "LA VIE EN BRETAGNE."

Our drawing illustrates a picturesque scene at the Institut Français the other day, when its Director, M. Émile Audra (Croix de Guerre, M.C.), Agrégé de l'Université de Lille, gave a delightful lecture entitled "La Vie en Bretagne." It was illustrated by costume dances and songs and magic-lantern slides. A group of children, prettily dressed in old Breton costume, historically correct, sang three old songs of Brittany, one of them dating back as far as the fifteenth century. It is by such excellent interpretative work that this admirable institution is justifying its existence, and drawing closer the bonds of Anglo-French friendship. The Institut Français du Royaume Uni (to give it its full title) was founded in 1910 by a young Frenchwoman, Mlle. d'Orliac, now Mme. Norman

Bohn, and is handsomely housed at 1-7, Cromwell Gardens, lent for five years by the British Government, while the French Government awards it an annual grant. The Institut was affiliated in 1913 to the University of Lille. It was recently inaugurated in its new premises in the presence of the French Ambassador. It forms at once a first-rate centre for British students of French and for French students of English in London. Its facilities include frequent lectures, French plays, a library, courses of instruction, a commercial branch, two Lycées, for boys and girls respectively, and rooms for social intercourse which practically amount to a club. The Secretary, Mr. G. S. Sandilands, will supply full information.—(Dancing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

Twice as Old as Caesar: Models of Ancient Egypt

THE dramatic discovery by American archaeologists of a rock-chamber near Thebes containing a set of models buried near the grave of an Egyptian noble of 2000 B.C., named Mehenkwtetre, and representing all the details of his daily life, was described in our last issue by one of the excavators, Mr. Ambrose Lansing. He told how the contents of the chamber were first seen, by the light of electric torches, through a crack in the rock above. The leader of the expedition, Mr. Herbert E. Winlock, Assistant Curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, describes the objects found as follows—

"As we worked along through those three days and nights we began to realise what it was that we had so unexpectedly discovered. The tomb was that of a great noble of four thousand years ago. He himself had been buried in a gilded coffin and a sarcophagus of stone in a mortuary chamber deep down under the back of the corridor, where the thieves had destroyed everything ages before our day. Only this little chamber had escaped, and it was turning out to be a sort of secret closet where the provision was stored for the future life of the great man.

"He could not conceive of an existence in which he would not require food and drink, clothing and housing, such as he was used to in this life; and, being a rich man, naturally he wanted an estate in eternity like that which he had owned on earth. His philosophy carried him beyond that of the savage chieftain who expects a horde of servants to be slaughtered at his grave. He attained the same end by putting in his tomb a host of little wooden servants, carved and painted, at their daily tasks, working before little portraits of himself. The spirits of these little servants worked eternally, turning out spirit food or sailing ships upon a spirit Nile, and his soul could enter any one of the little portraits of himself at will to reap the harvest of their labours. In short, we had found a picture of the life the great noble hoped to live in eternity, which was nothing more or less than the one he had led on earth forty centuries ago.

"The first thing we had seen when we had peeped through the crack had been a big model nearly six feet long, showing the noble seated on a porch among his scribes, taking the count of his cattle as they were driven past. In the back of the room we found, under a lot of other models, neatly stacked, the stable where these same cattle were being fattened, and finally when we came to move one big box-like affair in the far corner—a model I had tried my best to get a peep into and almost fallen headlong in the process—we found it was the butcher-shop where the cattle's life history ended. The night we worked in the tomb by lamp-light we got a peep into a granary where diminutive scribes sat writing down the quantity of grain being measured and carried to the bins by hard-working labourers. And later we ran across the bakery where the grain was being fermented in tall crocks and then decanted into round-bellied jugs. Lansing extricated two canoes manned by fishermen, who hauled a miraculous draft of painted wooden catfish and perch in a seine; and I picked the fallen stones out of two gardens in which copper ponds—that would

hold real water—were surrounded by little wooden fig-trees and cool, shady porches. Then there was a carpenter-shop, and another shop where women spun thread and wove cloth. The very threads on their distaffs and spindles—frail as cobwebs though they were with age, had remained unbroken in that eternal stillness.

"The business of the great man entailed a lot of travelling, and his idle hours were passed in pleasure sails or fishing trips on the Nile or on the still backwaters of the marshes. On the celestial

to a singer and an old blind harper. Inside the cabin squats a steward beside the bunk, under which are shoved two little round-topped leather trunks. A kitchen-boat follows, and the cooks get ready a meal to be served when evening comes and they are moored to the bank. There were yachts, to be sailed with the wind or paddled against it, and a low raking skiff, from the bow of which two men are casting harpoons, while others land an enormous fish over the side.

"Thus had the great man lived, and so did he expect to live after he had gone to his 'eternal abode,' as he called it. Finally, the funeral day had come. His body was brought across the river from his mortal home in Thebes, through the green fields where the wondering peasants leaned on their hoes to watch it pass, and then up through the rocky gorges to his tomb.

A long procession followed him, each model borne on the head of one of his serfs, and a crowd of peasant girls and women from his estates brought baskets of wine and beer and baked meats for the funeral banquet. Even their contributions were expected to go on for ever, and statues of two of them, half life-sized, had been made to go with the models in the chamber. There we found them, towering above the horde of miniature men and beasts, looking over at us with grave, wide-open eyes. Four thousand years they had stood thus silent.

"Four thousand years is an eternity. Just saying it over and over again gives no conception of the ages that have gone by since that funeral. Stop and think of how far off William the Conqueror seems. That takes you only a quarter of the way back. Julius Cæsar takes you half-way back. With Saul and David you are three-fourths of the way, but there remain another thousand years to bridge with your imagination. Yet in that dry, still, dark little chamber those boats and statues had stood indifferent to all that went on in the outer world, as ancient in the days of Cæsar as Cæsar is to us, but so little changed that even the finger-prints of the men who put them there were still fresh upon them. Not only finger-prints, but even fly-specks, cobwebs, and dead spiders remained from the time when these models were stored in some empty room in the noble's house waiting for his day of death and burial. I even suspect that some of his grandchildren had

sneaked in and played with them while they were at that house in ancient Thebes, for some of them were broken in a way that is hard to explain otherwise. Possibly that is a wild guess, but at any rate there is no doubt of what had happened to them in the little chamber in the tomb on the day of the funeral. After all of the models had been stowed away and the masons had come to brick up the doorway, they had found one of the boats in their way. So one of them picked it up and laid it to one side on top of the granary, and under bow and stern he left a great smear of the mud he had just been mixing for mortar. There those smears still remain.

"The little models had to be parted after all. Half of them went to the Egyptian Government under the terms of our concession, and are now on view in the museum in Cairo. The others can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York."



BEGUILING A VOYAGE ON THE NILE WITH MUSIC 4000 YEARS AGO: MEHENKWETRE SITTING IN FRONT OF HIS DECK CABIN LISTENING TO A SINGER AND A HARPER.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Nile he would want to go voyaging or yachting too, and therefore a dozen model boats were put in the chamber. We found them setting sail, the captain bossing the sailors who sway on the halyards and set the backstays. A man throws his whole weight against the pole as they put off from the bank, and another stands by in the bow with a fender in case they bump against another vessel. When they



FOUND IN 1920 JUST AS THEY WERE LEFT BURIED ABOUT 2000 B.C.: MODELS OF NILE CRAFT, WITH THEIR CREWS, AND AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY—AS SEEN IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER WHEN FIRST OPENED.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Photographs by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Expedition Staff.

travel down-stream against the north wind, the mast and sail are lowered, and the crew man the sweeps. The noble himself sits under the awning in front of the cabin smelling a lotus flower, while his son sits on deck beside him, and they both listen

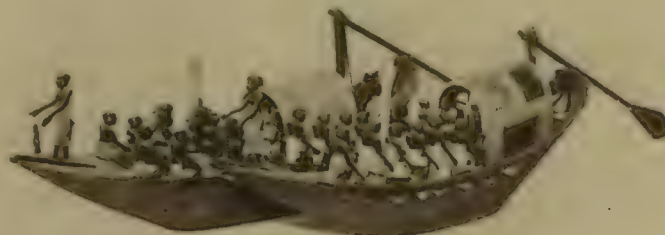
these ages together. Half of them went to the Egyptian Government under the terms of our concession, and are now on view in the museum in Cairo. The others can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York."

FOUND IN A ROCK-CHAMBER: NILE CRAFT OF 4000 YEARS AGO.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK



MANNED BY A CREW OF SIXTEEN, WITH SPEAR-SHAPED PADDLES: AN EGYPTIAN PLEASURE-BOAT FOR SHORT TRIPS, WITH SAIL DOWN.



WITH KITCHEN TENDER ALONGSIDE (LEFT): AN EGYPTIAN NOBLE'S CATERING ARRANGEMENTS ON HIS NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT.



MAKING FAST THE BACKSTAYS AND HAULING ON THE HALYARDS: A TRAVELLING-BOAT SETTING SAIL FOR A VOYAGE ON THE NILE.



SETTING SAIL: A NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT (ON THE RIGHT), WITH ITS KITCHEN TENDER (LEFT) ALONGSIDE.



SPORT ON THE NILE FORTY CENTURIES AGO: A NOBLE (SITTING BEFORE HIS CABIN) WATCHING THE CREW HARPOON FISH.



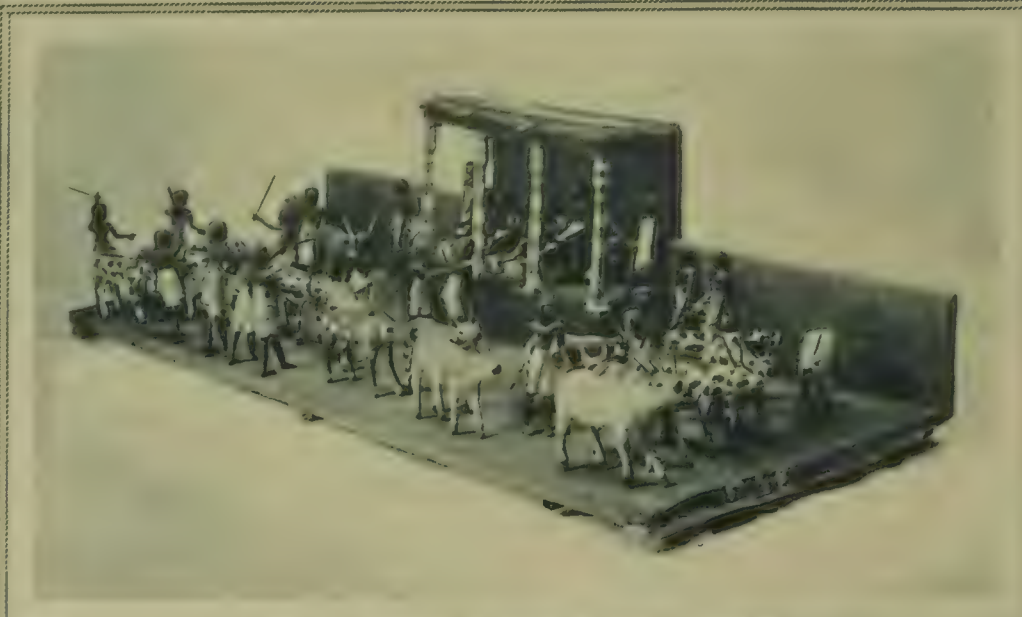
FISHING ON THE NILE ABOUT 2000 B.C.: HAULING A SEINE BETWEEN TWO PAPYRUS CANOES PROPELLED BY SPEAR-SHAPED PADDLES.

These model craft, made about 2000 B.C., and recently discovered in a rock-chamber in Egypt (as described opposite), give a vivid contemporary picture of boating on the Nile forty centuries ago. "There are four travelling-boats," writes Mr. Herbert Winlock, "30 or 40-footers supposedly, but in the models about 4 ft. long—with crews of from 12 to 18 sailors, besides helmsmen, bowsmen, and captains. They set a great square sail, and we see the little sailors making fast the backstays and hauling on the halyards. Coming against the wind, the mast was lowered in a rest, the sail stowed on deck, and the crew got out the sweeps. On each boat Mehenkwetre sits in his chair. . . . The kitchen was upon a second boat which followed behind and was moored alongside at meal times. On board women ground flour; men baked . . . and in the cabins joints of meat were

hung up and racks of beer and wine jars were stowed. For shorter trips and pleasure sails there were yachts—long, narrow, green vessels with high, curling prows and stems. . . . When the wind was contrary, mast and sail were lowered, and sixteen members of the crew got out their black, spear-shaped paddles to propel the boat. . . . The master and his son sat under a little open canopy. For sport there is a little, narrow, light-draught skiff for hunting birds and spearing fish in the backwaters. In the bow stand harpooners, and the enormous fish struck by one is being landed over the gunwale. Lashed to the side of the cabin are the poles and stakes for bird-nets, and a boy and girl are bringing live ducks, which they have caught, to the master and his son who sit on deck. Finally, there are two reed canoes drawing a seine full of fish."

LORD AND LABOURER 4000 YEARS AGO: ANCIENT EGYPT REVEALED.

By COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE EXPEDITION STAFF.



FASHIONED FORTY CENTURIES AGO: THE LARGEST MODEL IN THE ROCK-CHAMBER—THE NOBLE AT THE COUNTING OF HIS CATTLE DRIVEN PAST HIM.



EACH CARVED LEAF PEGGED IN PLACE: AN EGYPTIAN GARDEN, WITH FIG TREES.



CARPENTRY IN ANCIENT EGYPT: SAWING AN UPRIGHT BEAM INTO PLANKS; CUTTING MORTISES WITH CHISEL AND MALLET.



FAT-STOCK BREEDING IN ANCIENT EGYPT: CATTLE IN THEIR STABLE ON A NOBLEMAN'S ESTATE BEING FATTENED FOR SLAUGHTER.



A GRANARY IN EGYPT 4000 YEARS AGO: SCRIBES RECORDING THE GRAIN WHICH LABOURERS MEASURE AND DUMP INTO BINS.



"MILL LASSES" OF ANCIENT EGYPT: WOMEN SPINNING FLAX, WHILE OTHERS WEAVE ON FLAT LOOMS ON THE FLOOR.

In these wonderful models, 4000 years old, we see vividly portrayed the daily life and industry on an Egyptian nobleman's estate near Thebes about 2000 B.C. Describing them, Mr. Herbert Winlock writes: "Largest and most imposing of all was a model showing the noble at the counting of his cattle. The scene is laid in the courtyard before his house. . . . Here he sits with his son and heir squatting on the floor on one side, and four clerks on the other, each busily recording the count on a papyrus roll. . . . Herdsmen lead and drive past the beeves—red, black, piebald, and speckled. The little figures average about eight or nine inches high. . . . Next in the life history of the ox is the stable where

he is fattened. . . . Finally comes the last scene in the slaughter-house. The beeves are thrown on the ground and trussed up for butchering; a scribe with pen-case and papyrus roll is present to keep the accounts; a head butcher superintends the killing, and two men make blood puddings over braziers in the corner. On a balcony at the back the joints of beef hang on lines to ripen. At the granary clerks sit with papyrus rolls and tablets keeping the account, while two men scoop up the wheat in measures and load it into sacks, and others carry it up the stairs to dump it into three capacious bins. By the front door there sits a boss with cane in hand superintending the work. Then comes the

(Continued opposite.)

IN 2000 B.C.: A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, BREWERY, AND BAKERY IN EGYPT.

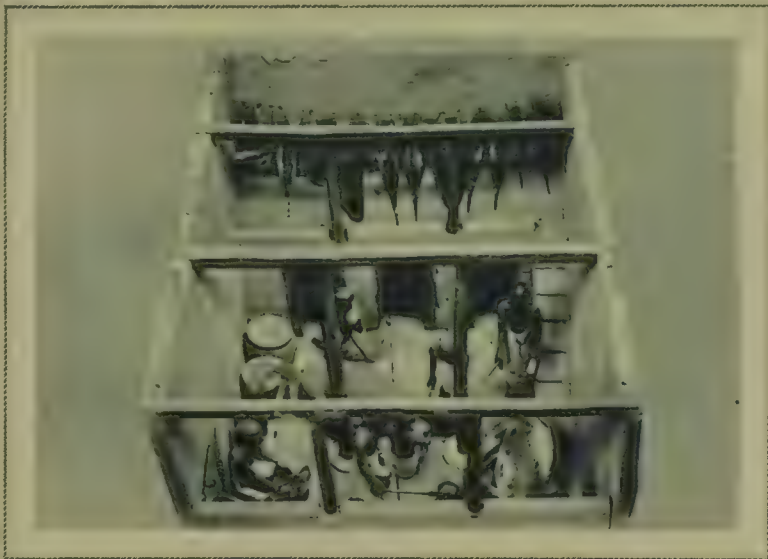
By COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE EXPEDITION STAFF.



A NOBLE EGYPTIAN LANDOWNER: MEHENKWETRE AND HIS SON.



INSIDE THE NOBLE'S CABIN ON BOARD HIS NILE TRAVELLING-BOAT: THE STEWARD, WITH TRAVELLING-TRUNKS UNDER A BUNK



THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: BUTCHERS AT WORK IN THE FOREGROUND, AND JOINTS OF MEAT HUNG ON THE BALCONY AT THE BACK.



THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: KILLING OXEN, PLUCKING GEESSE, AND MAKING BLOOD-PUDDINGS; WITH A SCRIBE HOLDING A PAPYRUS ROLL.



A BREWERY AND A BAKERY SIDE BY SIDE: (ABOVE) BREWERS MAKING BEER, AND (BELOW) COOKS MAKING BREAD AND PASTRY.



BREWING AND BAKING: (LEFT) A BREWER POURING BEER INTO JUGS; (RIGHT) WOMEN GRINDING FLOUR; BAKERS MAKING CAKES.

Continued.

bakery and brewery combined in one building. In the first room two women grind the corn into flour, and a man makes it into cakes of dough, which another treads into a mash in a barrel. Near by, the rising mash stands in four tall crocks, while the yeast ferments, and when it has finished working, another man pours it into a row of stoppered jugs which stand along the wall. In the other room is the bakery. Men are cracking the grain with pestles; women grind the flour; men mix the dough, and make fancifully shaped loaves and cakes, which others bake in ovens. Handicrafts take up two models. The women spin and weave in one shop, and the carpenters ply their trade in another. . . . Two

model gardens were provided for the soul of the great man. . . . There is the high wall which shuts out the outside world. Within, a little oblong pool of copper, so that it will hold real water, is surrounded by fruit trees, and facing it is a cool, deep porch with gaily painted columns. . . . The trees, made of wood with each little leaf carved and pegged in place, are typical of the naïve realism of all the models. The fruit is shown, not growing from the twigs, but from the main stems and branches, so that there shall be no doubt but that the sycamore fig is intended. . . . In the cabin of one (boat) sits a steward beside a bunk, under which are tucked two little round-topped travelling-trunks."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

BOTH in the letter and in the spirit "MY CRICKETING LIFE" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by P. F. Warner, is the best book of reminiscences of cricket and cricketers we have had since Nyren's "Cricketer's Tutor" appeared with its immortal portraits of the Hambledon worthies. Mr. Warner does not deliver any of the surprising phrases which occur in the famous chronicles of Broad Halfpenny down, causing critics to regard Nyren as a rustical disciple of Sir Thomas Browne, or else to insist that his name was borrowed by some man of letters. Nowhere do we find any passage comparable with Nyren's vindication of the nobility of the beer of then and there: "not the modern horror under the same name that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do; not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog—and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface!—this immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence a pint." You cannot buy such ale nor such prose nowadays at any price, and it is not Mr. "Plum" Warner's fault that he cannot get all this poetical swerve and spin into his straightforward stuff, which, none the less, has the high merit of being always on the wicket, so that the reader who is really and truly in love with the greatest of our national games will not, dare not, miss a line of what he has written. It is the fault of a too genteel and gingerly age, which compels us to write about our diversions in the same too discreet style as is thought appropriate to politics and economics. The late Albert Knight, the famous Leicestershire professional, who was seen reading Horace in a quiet corner before going in to bat in a Test match down under, was the only chronicler of modern cricket with a touch of the poetic genius which transcends all the power of the psychological style so popular to-day among sporting writers (Mr. C. B. Fry is, or was, a master in that mode). Even the humour of exaggeration so curiously exploited by the American baseball expert seems beyond those who write with authority, and also as journalists, on a sport which is a phase of English life to-day, and

very much more than a mere game, as hockey is, or lawn-tennis.

Yet there are passages here and there in Mr. Warner's book which, being packed with the humour of circumstance and bright with his joyous love of cricket, fascinate us as much as anything in Nyren's portrait-gallery. How charmingly, for example, W. G. presents himself in the author's first Middlesex v. Gloucestershire match at Clifton. He arrived on the ground in white flannel trousers, a cutaway black coat, and a black hat, half top, half bowler, and his jocund cry booms across the years that have been: "Eight o'clock to-night, Webbie; don't forget; it's down the well." The Middlesex side were dining with W. G., and "it" was champagne. And here is a pleasant sketch of rare old Tom Emmett, when he was the professional coach at Rugby, Mr Warner's school—

He had a prominent nose, which was not altogether subdued in colour, a mischievous eye, and a merry laugh, and he carried himself very erect, a Yorkshire cap crowning his grey and well-shaped head. He was a good coach, if, possibly, a little too keen on knocking the cover off the ball—a fault on the right side—and he was indefatigable in his zeal. "Lash at it," was a favourite expression of his, whenever a half-volley outside the off stump came along, and "if you come to her, come" was the way he urged one to drive. He taught one to play back in the right way—i.e., to move the right leg back, and in the line of the ball—but he would allow no facing of the bowler.

Mr. Warner is particularly judicious in his remarks on teaching boys the art of batsmanship, which can only be done on plumb practice wickets. "A sticky wicket," he observes, "is an entirely different thing from a dangerous wicket, and boys must take their chance of this; but the rough, dangerous wicket must go in the interests of the game." He attributes the fine, fluent style of Australian batting and the extraordinary number of outstanding batsmen produced in the island continent, in spite of a population which is meagre in comparison with ours, to the fact that boys there always learn the game on true, fast wickets. As an expert in the art of captaincy, which makes eleven men into an eleven and, what is more, a band of brothers, he is able to criticise the style of world-famous batsmen and bowlers from a wealth of intimate knowledge not vouchsafed to the ordinary first-class cricketer, much less to the average spectator. W. G. Grace, Trumper, and Ranjitsinhji are the greatest batsmen of all time, in his opinion; and the last-named, if not the greatest of all, was yet the pioneer of the modern style of batting with its two-eyed stance and subtle back-play. Blythe he thinks the finest slow bowler seen in our days, Barnes the best by far of the medium-paced artists, and Lockwood the greatest fast bowler, because he was not content with tear-away expresses (as Tom Richardson was) and had a most dangerous slow ball. But it is the spirit of the book as much as its letter which fascinates us, and there could be no better motto for the young player than Mr. Warner's saying: "I have tried hard to keep a straight bat and a modest mind." Such, indeed, is the sportsmanship of cricket, which is nothing more nor less than chivalry adapted to homely, joyous purposes.

The late William de Morgan's novels were notable for their deft characterisation (how often we get a living, nay a loving, impression of some cabbie or charwoman who incidentally enters his story), simple and kindly philosophy of life, easy ambling style, and that singularly refreshing lack of ethical thesis or artistic theory which causes his still, calm books to reproduce the significant aimlessness of ordinary life. He is never seeking a *scène à faire*; like the true dramatist, as contrasted with the mere playwright, he creates living, breathing characters, and lets them do what they like, and sees what

happens—I believe he once confessed that his *personæ dramatis* were always getting out of hand and doing unexpected things. In his posthumous novel, "AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH" (Heinemann; 9s. net), the missing chapters of which have been filled in by his wife, we have the first instalment of a life history, manifestly autobiographical, which would have required many volumes if he had lived to complete it. It would have been a Dexter Street (a



A LEADING AMERICAN WOMAN NOVELIST:
MRS. EDITH WHARTON.

Mrs. Wharton was born in New York in 1862. Her maiden name was Edith Newbold Jones, and she married Mr. Edward Wharton, of Boston, at the age of twenty-three. Her first novel, "The Greater Inclination," appeared in 1889, and has had numerous successors. Her "Ethan Frome" is reckoned the greatest American short story. She has travelled much, and her later work, including "Fighting France" (1915), "French Ways and Their Meaning" (1919), and "In Morocco" (1920) has strengthened the ties between France and America.

curious contrast to "Sinister Street"), by a young-old author rebuking the brilliant and self-conscious achievements of old-young artists, such as Mr. Compton Mackenzie, with its deeper love of human nature and profound understanding of what was, and still is, the essential London of kindly Londoners. It is sad to think this the only instalment we shall ever see, for the book has all the old charm of a reality beyond realism, and Jacky Pascoe becomes for us a living person, old and lonely and garrulous, writing down for his own amusement anything and everything he remembers of his past. The chapters entitled "The Story" (as distinguished from "The Narrative of Eustace John") are written by Mrs. de Morgan, and they fill the gaps adequately, even if not as brilliantly as "Q" finished R. L. Stevenson's "St. Ives."

As fascinating as this or any other prolonged act of psychical mimicry, is "DEADLOCK" (Duckworth; 9s. net), by Dorothy M. Richardson, the most advanced of the ultra-modern psychologists in fiction. A professional critic was asked the other day by a puzzled reader what Miss Richardson's novels were about, and he replied, "Mostly about a quarter of an hour." No doubt, if a complete analysis were made of the thoughts, emotions, motives, reflections, etc., of a quarter of an hour of anybody's life, the results would fill at least one novel. Miss Richardson does not go quite so far as that in her presentation of the stream of tendencies which she calls Miriam—it is herself, of course, for she could never have seen so much of what is happening, within as well as without, to another person. But other novelists stand on the banks of a river of personal existence, while Miss Richardson pulls you down into it, and it is well worth submitting to the process once or twice. For my part, I now know all I want, and a good deal more, about Miriam, and should stoutly refuse to read another instalment of Dorothy's—I mean Miriam's—autobiography, were it not for the brilliant flashes of insight into character in the making which illuminate the psychological depths. Compared with Miss Richardson's analysis, the most profound reaches of "The Egoist" or of Henry James' stories are mere weed-grown shallows.



A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN NOVELIST: MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

Mr. Hergesheimer's stories, long and short, are very popular in the States. They include "The Lay Anthony," "Mountain Blood," "The Three Black Pennys," "Gold and Iron," "Java Head," "The Happy End," and "Linda Condon." Last winter he published "San Cristóbal de la Habana," a charming impression of the city of Havana.

Photograph by Robert H. Davis.



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NEWS FROM FOUR CAPITALS : ATHENS, WASHINGTON, PARIS, AND BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.: FORCAL; AND THE GENERAL PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY



THE GRÆCO-ROUMANIAN ROYAL MARRIAGES: THE RETURN OF THE GREEK CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE TO ATHENS FROM BUCHAREST.



THE WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA AND PRINCESS HELEN OF GREECE: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE AT ATHENS CATHEDRAL.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT HARDING (FOURTH FROM LEFT, SEATED) AND HIS CABINET MINISTERS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.



A BELGIAN WAR MEMORIAL IN PARIS: THE MONUMENT RECENTLY UNVEILED IN THE MUSÉE DE L'ARMÉE, AT THE INVALIDES.

The wedding of the Crown Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta, and Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, took place at Bucharest Cathedral on Sunday, February 27. They afterwards went to Athens by sea, arriving March 9, for the marriage next day of Prince George's sister, Princess Helen of Greece, to the Crown Prince of Roumania.—The group of the new American Cabinet shows, from left to right, seated in front: Mr. J. W. Weeks (Secretary for War); Mr. A. W. Mellon (Treasury); Mr. Charles E. Hughes (Secretary of State); President Harding; Vice-President Coolidge; and Mr. Edwin



THE ASSASSINATION OF AN EX-GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY IN BERLIN: THE FUNERAL OF TALAAT PASHA, AT THE CEMETERY OF ST. MATTEUS.

Denby (Navy). Standing behind: Mr. A. B. Fall (Interior); Mr. W. H. Hays (Postmaster-General); Mr. H. K. Daugherty (Attorney-General); Mr. H. C. Wallace (Agriculture); Mr. H. Hoover (Commerce); and Mr. James J. Davis (Labour). — The Belgian War Memorial in Paris was inaugurated by M. Barthou and the Belgian Minister of War. — Talaat Pasha, ex-Grand Vizier of Turkey, was shot dead in a street in Berlin on March 15, by an Armenian student, named Solomon Teilarian, in revenge for the Armenian massacres, in which his own parents had perished, and for which he held Talaat responsible.



Forty— The Dangerous Age

DANGEROUS, not because of the change Nature is making in her body, but dangerous because of the infecting Pyorrhea germs in her mouth. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. The germs breed in little pockets about the teeth, travel through the blood stream, and frequently cause rheumatism, anæmia, nervous disorders or other serious ailments. Medical Science has proved this. Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's to-day.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only. 2/6 a double-size tube.



If your Chemist cannot supply you, send direct to Sole Agents, THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4, who will forward a tube for 2/6, post free.



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LADIES' NEWS.

THIS is to be a marriage month, May not being considered auspicious for matrimony. Such considerations still hold weight with some people, although the fashion is to laugh at the old superstitions and put up new fetishes. The Earl of Dalkeith's wedding to Miss Mollie Lascelles will be quite an interesting affair, and is to take place on the 21st in that beautiful old church, St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the 16th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Lady Eileen Browne, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, will be married to Earl Stanhope, besides which there are a number of other wedding dates fixed. The King and Queen will be out of town, but only at Windsor, from where this time last year they motored to town fairly frequently to fulfil engagements.

Lord Desborough is likely to gain real gratitude if he can get his Bill passed to stabilise the Easter Holiday. It would be so much more convenient, and the time of year better. Now that the holiday is over, everyone is in favour of the fixed Easter, from a quite illogical feeling that it would be still in front of us. The weather is much commended, for it has played few of its old tricks; even the Grand National was accorded a glorious day. It was a wonderful exposition of tailor-built clothes. Nothing looked smarter than striped or checked tweed skirts, well cut, and in some instances pleated, with plain cloth or velvet coats the colour of the ground of the tweed. Sometimes they were bound with braid, sometimes not. I also noticed that high neck-wear appealed to the sporting ladies, and remarkably smart it looked. Black taffeta scarfs, tied in what men know as waterfall fashion, beneath a high black band, over which were turned-down points of starched white lawn, in an up-to-date version of stocks worn by what we call gentlemen of the old school, were much in favour. There were, of course, more ethereal chemisettes of silken muslin and lace, daintily made up with ribbon and finished with frills. These were becoming and pretty, but disdained harmonious relations with the severe tailor build of some of the suits. In hats alone colour prevailed, and of colours the reigning two were red and blue, purple coming in a good third. It is a long way back to the "National" now, but it was the last great big assemblage of well-dressed women I attended.

There is a besetting anxiety for men and women alike, when one of the marks that stern old gentleman with the scythe puts upon them is the turning white of hair. It is the most aging mark he can contrive,

and he is rather fond of making it, greying our locks too soon for our liking, and often really too soon for our years. A friend tells me that her hair is growing younger. Seeing me smile, she said, "No



THE CHARM OF TAFFETAS.

Tiny tucks on the bodice and longer ones on the skirt are the only adornment of this black taffetas frock, save for the demure-looking pink rosebuds scattered about with artful carelessness.

Photograph by Shepstone.

such thing, not a wig; not a hair that is not home grown." It turned out that she was using "Astol," a new restorative; neither a dye nor a stain, nor any other such thing, it simply gives back to tired hair vigour and colour. Certainly, her hair looked all

right. She had read about a free trial in *The Illustrated London News*, sent to 20, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1, for one, and been so pleased that she has persevered, with a result of rejuvenation that spreads over her whole person, through circumventing this most spiteful time-mark.

Easter has brought out a great show of sports coats, jumpers, skirts and stockings. Such smart stockings!—some with real decided contrast stripes, some with shadowy stripes, others in heavy spun silk in checked and round designs; all manner of leg coverings in silk and wool have been seen on golf-links and seaside promenades, and at hotel *thés dansants*. Coats have been greater favourites than jumpers. Girls say that the coats are more becoming to the figure, and are less trouble to get off and on. It was also quite apparent that knitted dresses have by no means run their course. I saw one most beautifully made in silk, with a dainty border round the hem, and a sash with a border and fringe. It was in crimson lake, and it looked very smart, and was most becoming to a creamy-complexioned, dark-eyed wearer.

The horse has quite come into his own again for racing, 'chasing, riding and hunting. The Row, too, is far more full than it has been for a long time so early in the year. No doubt there are people who continue to regret the days of formal equestrian attire for the morning or afternoon ride. Assuredly they are not those who ever had to wear it. Men whose correct, strapped-down trousers necessitated an upright position when out of the saddle, and whose topper silk hat and eyeglass were so special a care that sometimes the glass was screwed into the brim of the hat; women whose length of habit skirt swaddled their legs, whose tight habit coats uncomfortably compressed their bodies, and chignons and top hats afflicted their heads, must love the really suitable and businesslike-looking riding-dress of the Row to-day.

A. E. L.

When illustrating the coal-mines of Upper Silesia, in our issue of March 26, and writing in advance, we inadvertently followed an earlier statement that the Plebiscite in that country would take place in April. This, of course, was incorrect, as it was actually held on Sunday, March 20. Although Germany obtained a large majority in the aggregate, much of the coal area, as indicated in our note, favoured Poland. It was said that the Allies, in allocating the various districts according to nationality as shown by the poll, would probably assign to Poland the important mining centres of Rybnik and Pless, and the industrial district of Tarnowitz.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RUMPLESS FOWLS

THE perpetuation of what are commonly called "freaks" of nature, or "sports," has always exercised over the breeder of domesticated animals a strange fascination. Dogs, fowls, and pigeons seem to have furnished the most striking instances of this instability of character, or tendency to throw "sports"; and the breeder, by selection, has contrived to produce some really extraordinary creatures; such as Pekingese spaniels, hairless dogs, short-faced tumbler pigeons, and rumpless fowls, to mention but a few of the host that might be named.

Some little time ago, Mr. W. Territ presented to the British Museum of Natural History a rumpless, or tail-less, fowl from his famous pens. Unfortunately, I had no opportunity of examining this in the flesh, but the further gift of a hen has given me the opportunity I desired, to discover whether any traces remained either of the tail-feathers or the oil-gland. And though I searched most carefully, I could find neither.

The absence of these structures is more than merely curious. Among wild birds, both are absent only in some of the ostrich tribe; but in the bustards, many pigeons, and parrots, the oil-gland is wanting, though they have well-developed tail-feathers. In no other gallinaceous birds, however, wild or domesticated, are either the tail-feathers or this gland absent. The domesticated birds might well, it is plain, dispense with both, yet they show no sign of decadence.

The oil-gland is popularly supposed to serve for the purpose of anointing the feathers, and to be particularly well developed in water birds. Even in scientific text-books it is assigned this function. When, years ago, Charles Waterton ventured to state that no evidence could be adduced in support of this view, he brought down upon himself much hostile criticism. But he was right. What purpose the gland actually does serve has yet to be discovered. Long since I ventured to point out a number of water birds which, though possessing a large oil-gland, would be quite unable to make any use of it as a "preen-gland," owing to the peculiar structure of their beaks. As, for example, in the scissor-bill, the open-bill stork, the whale-headed stork, and the darters. If it were so essential as a dressing for the plumage, then the ostriches, pigeons, and parrots, which have lost it, should fare badly; but such is not the case.

But to return to the rumpless fowl. Though birds displaying this peculiarity have been known for at least three hundred years, they cannot be regarded as representing a distinct race, for this

taillessness occurs sporadically, apparently, among very widely different breeds. They are "sports," in short. But they transmit their peculiarities to their descendants. They are represented by birds of very different types. There are bantams and

buff, spangled with black and white. Though they appear to be good layers, they are said to be prone to produce infertile eggs. As table fowls they are excellent, but they lack that favourite "tit-bit," the "parson's nose," owing to the loss of the bones which normally support the oil-gland.

The older breeders believed that the rumpless fowl was derived from a wild species found in the jungles of Ceylon, and known to the natives as the Wallikikilli, or Cock of the Woods. This belief was shown to have had a purely mythical origin.

Many years ago, specimens were exhibited at the Birmingham Show that "stood as upright as the penguin duck; in fact, as erect as a hawk." These birds were exhibited under the name of Gondooks. The plumage was of a shining black with a metallic lustre, they had "top knots" in place of a comb, and very short, heavily feathered legs. Except for their bizarre appearance, birds of this type seem to have had little to recommend them, and they accordingly died out. To those who are attracted by the problems of evolution, and riddles of heredity, these "freaks" are extremely interesting and instructive. W. P. PYCRAFT.



TO AMERICANS AND CANADIANS WHO FOUGHT IN THE GREAT WAR: A MEMORIAL FOR THE ALPHA DELTA PHI CHAPTER HOUSES

The memorial is by Capt. Robert Aitken, who served with the A.E.F. It represents a Canadian officer and an American officer, wounded, helping each other on their way from the battlefield. The original is in the Alpha Delta Phi Club, New York; and a replica is to be placed in each of the twenty-five Alpha Delta Phi Chapter Houses in the United States and Canada. The Chapters in question supplied some 2300 fighting men.

giants; rose, single, and cup-combed. Years ago the favoured colour was black; the birds recently presented to the Museum are of a beautiful golden

It is announced by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway that, in order to reduce the time allowed for transit at Dieppe, both outward and homeward bound, the French State Railway Administration have arranged for passports to be examined on the trains between Dieppe and Paris (and vice versa) by the day services leaving Victoria (Brighton Railway) at 10 a.m. and Paris (St. Lazare) at 10 a.m.

Since March 21 the Folkestone-Boulogne Day Service leaving Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 8.45 has been resumed. In pre-war days it left London at 10, and that time will be reverted to when summer time recurs on April 3. By this train fares to Paris are cheaper than by any other day service. Pullman cars will run to Folkestone, connecting with one of the newest steamers. "The business man's service" to Paris, the 16.50 from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.), now (also since March 21) leaves at 19.5. The time of arrival in Paris is practically the same as before. Corridor carriages vestibuled to the Pullman cars make it possible to serve all classes with meals between Victoria and Dover.

Among the illustrations of the Grand National in our issue of March 26 was a photograph of the handsome trophy which went to the winner of the race. This trophy, we should like to mention, was the work of Messrs. Elkington, the well-known silver-smiths and jewellers.

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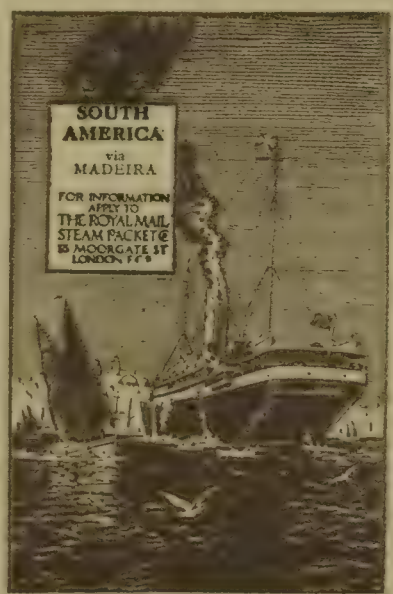
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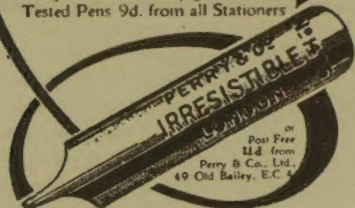
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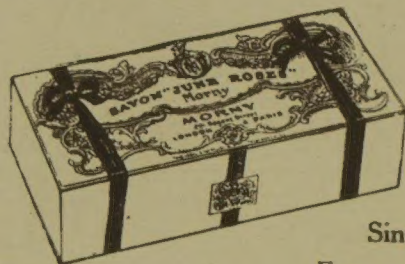
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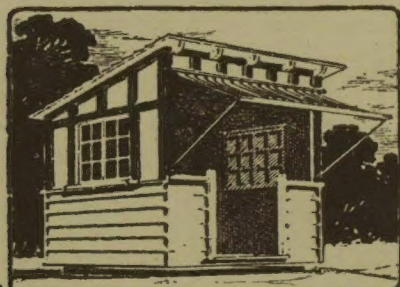
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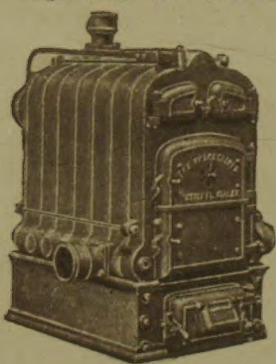
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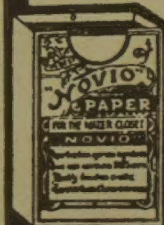
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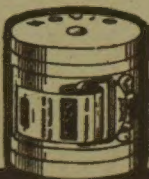
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HEART OF A CHILD." AT THE KINGSWAY.

THE fairy tale of King Cophetua and his beggar-maid exercises a perennial attraction, so that there is a strong probability of a career of success for Mr. Gilbert Frankau's adaptation of his mother, "Frank Danby's," romance, "The Heart of a Child," wherein the legend is employed with the variations of Cophetua being presented as a modern young peer and the girl he seeks out being made a factory hand who wins a name on the stage. Sally Snape was, apart from her gutter origins, not so bad a match for "Frank Danby's" Lord Kiddermister. With good looks and charm to begin with, she had achieved for herself reputation, and the considerable income which stage popularity brings. She had learnt to speak nicely, and to dress with taste; she was free from the smallest taint of vice or flashiness; she had never made herself cheap by flirtation, and was instinctively loyal. A boy of no particular ability or force of character, such as "Kiddie" was, might think himself lucky to come across such a treasure and win her love. Instead Sally has to defend herself in one scene from a burst of undisciplined passion, and in another would have been compromised but for the intervention of a fairy-godmother type of chaperon. We move, it will be seen, in the atmosphere of the novelette. Fortunately there is Miss Renée Kelly at hand, with her attractive personality, her naturalness in speech and action, her pretty smiles and affecting tears, for the audience as well as the hero to fall in love with; while, in the two big scenes of the play, her sincerity in emotion is backed by an engaging ingenuousness on the part of Mr. Arthur Pusey, as the boy-peer.

"GRUMPY." AT THE CRITERION.

American audiences, during Mr. Cyril Maude's tour of their country, took a special fancy to "Grumpy," and to the English comedian's acting in its title-rôle. The actor has expanded the part since he was last seen in it some eight years ago, so that his performance in Messrs. Hodges and Percival's piece can fairly be said to be richer in humour than ever. He has a strong company assisting him, prominent members being Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. James Dale, Mr. Scott Gatty, and Mr. Drelincourt Odum; while, on the distaff side, honours are equal as between Miss Ann Trevor as heroine, and Miss Phyllis Stuckey—a most piquant maidservant.

"NIGHTIE NIGHT." AT THE QUEEN'S.

The two American women authors, Martha Stanley and Adelaide Matthews, who are responsible for the

new farce at the Queen's, might have shown better stage-craft with advantage, but they have invented some really comic situations, and they have contrived to keep up a good pace for their story, so that the result is a fairly exhilarating evening's entertainment. No good-humoured playgoer could help laughing at the spectacle of two young ladies surprising each other in night déshabille and falling simultaneously into

their demands, and Miss Minto is unsparing of exertion. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the programme was the appearance of Miss Evelyn Laye, hitherto associated with musical comedy, in a play without musical accessories. With naturalness of manner and personal charm to reinforce the appeal of her prettiness, there seems every prospect of this young actress's making good in work that calls for some exercise of intelligence.



SOLD FOR £1300: A GENERAL OFFICER'S LARGE GOLD PENINSULAR MEDAL, FOR THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA, WITH GOLD CLASP FOR MAIDA; AND THE SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL FOR MAIDA.

Both the medals were awarded to Brig.-Gen. Wrothe Palmer Acland, of the Coldstream Guards, who was appointed Major-General in 1810 and a K.C.B., and died in 1816. They are described as unique. Messrs. A. H. Baldwin and Sons, bought them the other day for £1300, at the sale of the Birkin Collection.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. A. H. Baldwin and Sons.]

hysterics; and if other scenes in which Miss Dorothy Minto figures merely amount to exhibitions of wild gymnastics, patrons of farce are not too exigent in

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

No Driving License Examinations.

Questions were asked in the House recently relative to the alleged proposal to impose an examination in the case of applicants for motor-driving licenses. Mr. Neal, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, said that the Government had never regarded the driving license as anything more than a ready means of identification; it was in no sense intended to be a certificate of ability or fitness. He said that the Minister of Transport was not in favour of examination, because of the necessity which would arise of setting up an expensive service of highly skilled examiners, and was not convinced that such a system of bureaucratic control was necessary. This, from the head of the most bureaucratic of all Government Departments, sounds rather like Satan rebuking sin. There is, however, a good deal of comfort to be derived from this pronouncement, which appears to forecast the abandonment of what most well-informed people in touch with the Transport Ministry had regarded as a fixed intention.

Headlight Dazzle. The R.A.C. has just issued two very interesting certificates dealing with the results obtained from tests of two devices designed to minimise the glare from motor-car head-lamps. One of these shows the effect which a public test has on development, and relates to the "Grubb" non-dazzle attachment. It may be remembered that Sir Howard Grubb designed a lamp to deal with the dazzle problem, which lamp was submitted to the Club some time ago, when the certificate of performance was published. The results of the more recent trial show a distinct advance beyond those obtained by the first lamp. A further interesting point is that, while the original invention was a lamp complete, this second device is an attachment to an ordinary head-lamp. The certificate sets forth that the test demonstrated that a driver using the lamps in question, when approaching a pedestrian so dressed as to be seen with difficulty, would be able to pick him out

(Continued overleaf.)

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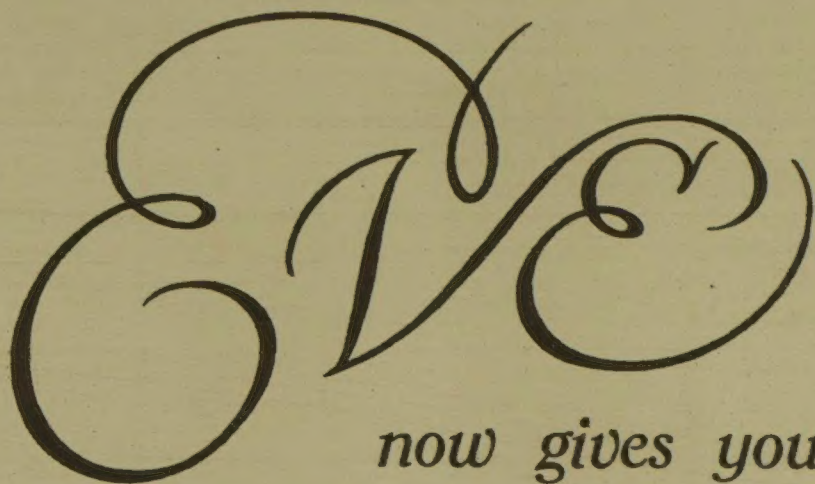
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A Few of the Weekly Features:

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Eve said unto Adam.
A Paris Letter.
A Letter from Leicestershire.
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(Continued.)

at a distance of 220 feet from the car, providing he was no farther from the centre of the beam than 10 feet; and, similarly, that the driver would see a pedestrian stepping into a roadway 30 feet wide when 208 feet away. At an eye level of 4 feet the dazzling effect of the lamps ceased at a distance of 206 feet from them.

The second device submitted was the "Flatlite" reflector made by the Hertford Record Company. This is an additional reflector inserted within the existing lamp. The results show that a driver using these lamps would be able, at a distance of 138 feet, to pick out a pedestrian dressed as in the former test, if within the beam, which at the distance is 20 feet wide, or he would see a foot-passenger stepping off the kerb into a 30 feet roadway when 89 feet away. Dazzle ceased, at an eye level of 5 feet, at a distance of 225 feet from the lamps.

Fleeing the Unwary Motorist.

The A.A. informs me that cases are being brought to its notice in which, owing to official errors in the calculation of horse-power, motorists are being served with demands by registration authorities for the payment of a higher tax than that for which they are actually liable. For example, an A.A. member recently declared his car as being slightly under 25-h.p., the tax payable being £25. The registration authority concerned actually amended this to 26-h.p., and obtained payment of £26. Upon the matter being raised, however, the excess amount of £1 was



THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE TAXI: B.S.A. MACHINES IN BIRMINGHAM READY TO START FOR BRIGHTON, TO BE USED THERE.

A number of these B.S.A. motor-cycle taxis are in use in Birmingham and other large towns.

refunded. The moral seems to be that car-owners should carefully verify the actual horse-power rating of their cars—particularly where these are of foreign manufacture—before accepting the calculations of the registration authority as being correct. The manufacturer or concessionaire will usually be able to supply the necessary information, but, alternatively, the A.A. will advise in any cases of doubt.

A Starting Trouble and Its Cure.

A recent experience and the way out may be worth recording for the benefit of motorists who may have suffered from starting trouble. My car has never been an easy starter, but

was especially bad when the engine was hot and had been stopped with the extra air-inlet open. In some cases I have actually had to inject petrol into the cylinders before I could get a start—an experience I have never had with any other car. The engine has a detachable cylinder-head, and when I had it off recently for the purpose of decarbonising, it struck me that the plugs were badly pocketed, and that here might be the solution of the starting trouble. I thought that what probably happened was that the pockets filled with weak mixture or burnt gases, and formed a cushion which the gas velocity when the engine was swung by hand was not high enough to sweep out. So I procured and fitted a set of long reach plugs, and the results appear to have verified the theory. I now have no trouble in starting, whether the engine is hot or cold.

W. W.

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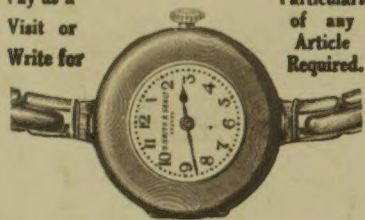
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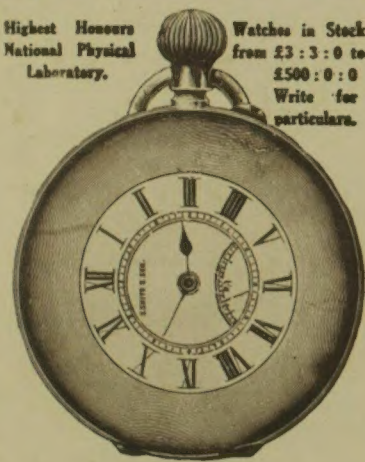
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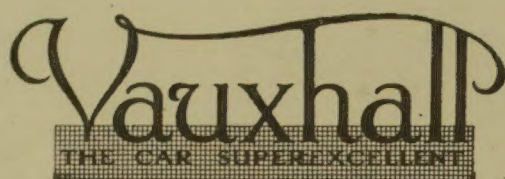
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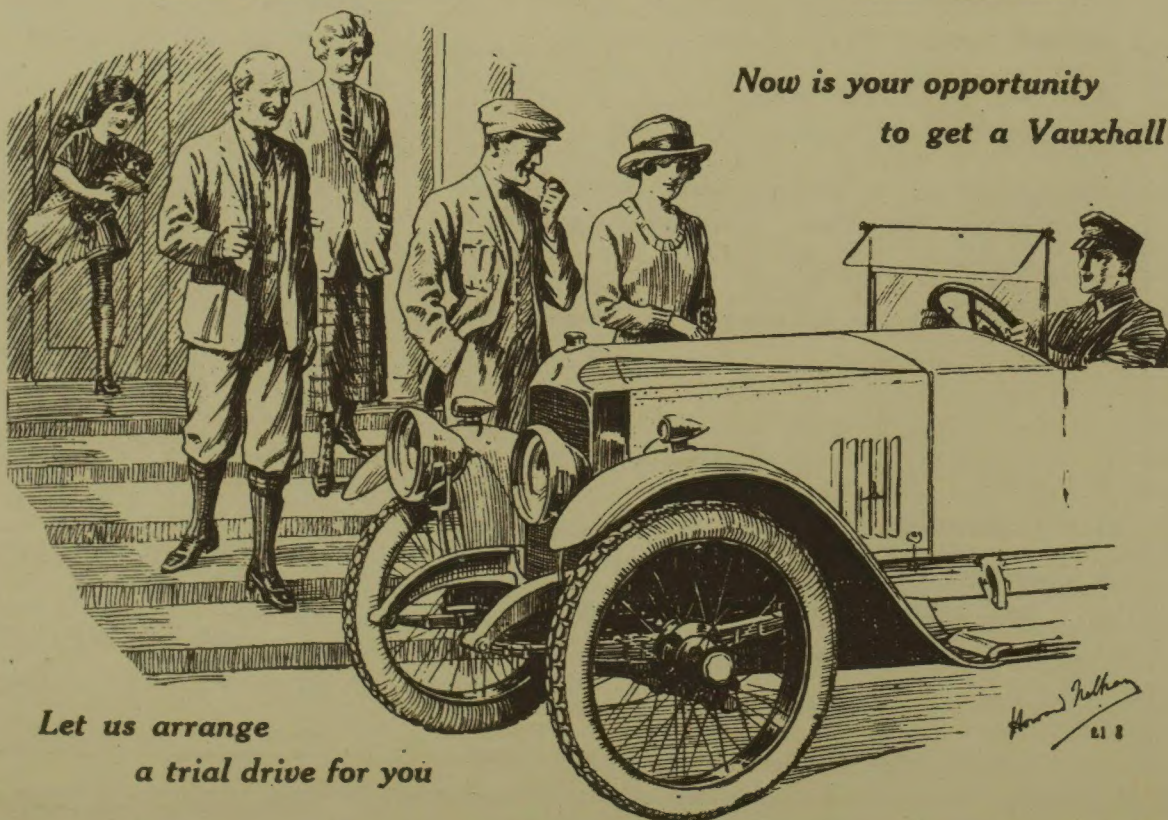
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